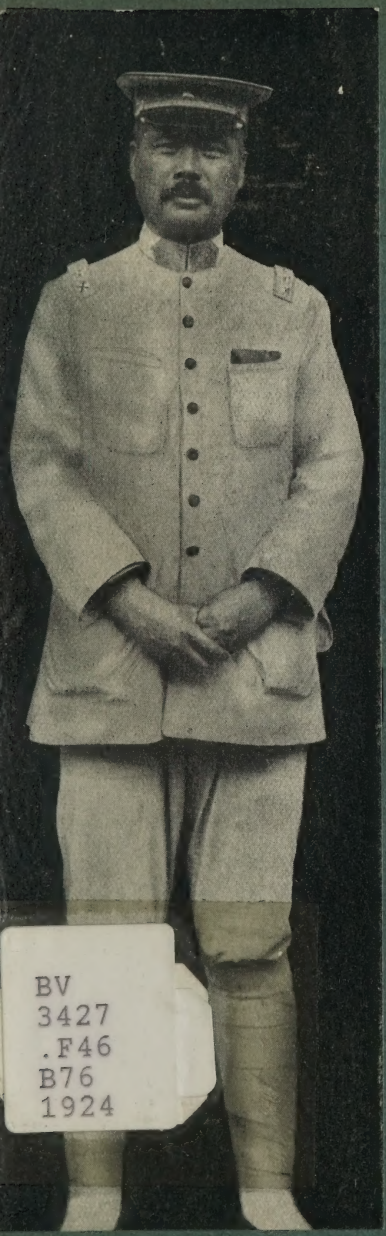

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MARSHAL FENG

A GOOD SOLDIER OF CHRIST JESUS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

FOURTH EDITION

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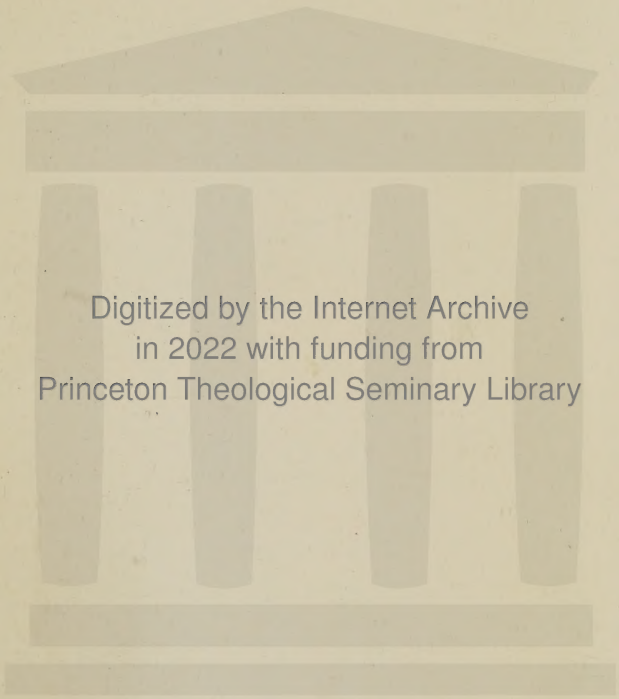
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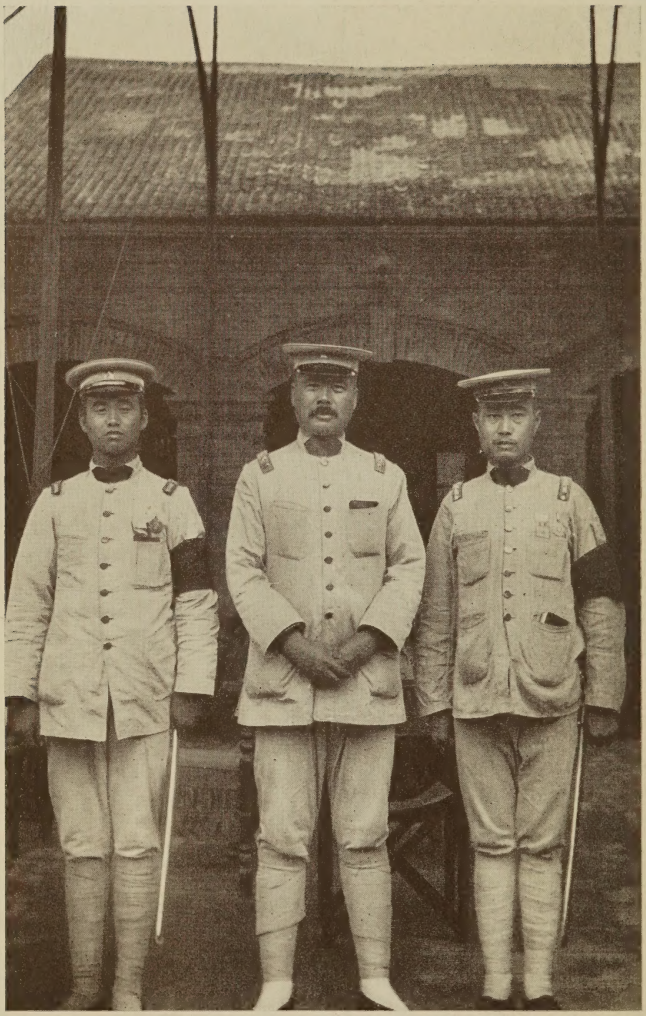

Photograph *By Captain H. Holmes.*

MARSHAL FENG (CENTRE) WITH TWO OF HIS OFFICERS.

Frontispiece.

NOV 26 1988

MARSHAL FENG

'A Good Soldier of Christ Jesus'

. . By . .

MARSHALL BROOMHALL, M.A.

EDITORIAL SECRETARY, CHINA INLAND MISSION

Foreword by

Major-General Sir GEORGE K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF

K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., R.E.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

FOURTH EDITION

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TO

J. A. D. J. AND H. E. MACDONALD

IN WHOSE HOSPITABLE HIGHLAND HOME

THE MANSE OF ARISAIG

THE GREATER PART OF THIS LITTLE BOOK

WAS WRITTEN

Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. Then shall the Lord love thee and God Himself shall be thy great reward.

The last words of Alfred the Great.

FOREWORD

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF
K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E.

WE learn from the history of Israel that, at various crises in the national life, special men were raised to be leaders of armies and administrators of national policy. It has been so not infrequently in the case of other nations. When, after the Reformation, exactly 300 years ago, it appeared as if the cause of pure Gospel light was again to be quenched, a leader was raised for Europe in the person of the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, who, like General Feng, was not only a great soldier and disciplinarian, but a great Christian, leading his men in their devotions, exhorting them personally, teaching them to praise the LORD, and to serve Him in all they did. Like the subject of this memoir too, he was opposed by foes whose practice of war was stained by everything that is horrible, cruel, and impure, a condition which only brings into greater contrast the Christian virtues that shone so brightly.

"Souldiers," says an ancient seventeenth-century divine, Dr. R. Sibbes, in his *Bruised Reede and Smoaking Flax* (1630), "who carie their lives in their hands had need above all others to carie grace in their hearts, that

so having made peace with GOD they be fit to encounter with men." These words written especially with reference to an English nobleman, "the Right honourable Sir Horatio Veere, Knight, Lord Veere of Tilbury, and Generall of the English forces under the High & Mighty Lords the States Generall of the United Provinces of the Netherlands," may well be applied to many a soldier since then in our army. This account of General Feng's career shows that they are equally applicable to him.

Ruskin has pointed out in his *Bibliotheca Pastorum* (iv.), when telling the noble story of Sir Herbert Edwardes and his gallant deeds on the Punjab Frontier, that the difference between such "a missionary soldier" (as he calls Sir Herbert) and other great generals was, that with him the element of hatred to his enemy did not exist; that he was continually striving to spare life on both sides, on all sides, and "not only to spare, but to educate, to convince, to win."

And surely if in our own national history we look for one whom the LORD raised at a special crisis for a special purpose, we can hardly find a better example than that of Edwardes, who had braved public opinion in 1854 by advocating and starting Christian Missions on the Afghan border, and then in the terrible crisis of 1857, when the British power was trembling in the balance at Delhi, was the great instrument in Divine hands for holding back the hordes of Afghanistan from falling on our rear. How little we remember these national mercies, and the men who were the means of achieving them!

In reading about General Feng one is reminded of these great heroes, and of the great principle that "in

every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." One is reminded too of Wordsworth's lines :

> Who, if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover ; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;
> And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
> Or if an unexpected call succeed,
> Come when it will, is equal to the need.

The story of General Feng's conversion is intensely interesting. The seed sown by English and American martyred missionaries during the awful days of 1900, the subsequent kindness in mission hospital, the ultimate appeal by a great American—all these illustrate again the great law of the Master that if the corn of wheat die it bringeth forth much fruit, and that men may be won by unselfish service, by justice, by a word of love.

Ruskin has written of the great leaders of the Lawrence school : " Crusaders these indeed, now resting all of them among the dead, but who may yet see as the stars see in their courses, the Moabite Ruth, and the Arab Hagar look up from their desolation to their mother of England (and America) saying, ' Thy people shall be my people, and thy GOD my GOD.' "

It has been the privilege of our land, and of our sister nation, to be pre-eminent in giving to China the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST, and one fruit of this has been the great leader described in this book.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

THIS little book has been prepared in response to many requests for more information about General Feng, one of China's distinguished soldiers. The writer is under obligation to many persons and many magazines, both British and American. To mention each and all is, it is hoped, unnecessary. The names of those whose articles have been quoted are mentioned in the course of the narrative. To them and to all others full acknowledgement is gladly given.

M. B.

August 1923.

PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION

THIS volume is in the main a reprint of the Third Edition. In keeping with General Feng's promotion to the rank of Field-Marshal, the title has been changed to "Marshal Feng." Chapter XIV. has been re-written and expanded into two chapters, bringing the story up to date; but Chapters I. to XIII. inclusive have been reprinted as originally published.

It may interest readers to know that this little book either has been or is being translated into Swedish, Danish, German, French, and Arabic, while an edition in Braille for the blind is being prepared.

At the time of going to press it appears highly probable that there will ere long be further political complications and possibly serious fighting in North China, in all of which Marshal Feng may be involved. This emphasises the importance of surrounding such a prominent Christian man with our prayers and supplications, "praying at all seasons in the Spirit and watching thereunto with all perseverance."

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

March 4, 1924.

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MARSHAL FENG'S ARMY RECORD

1913. G.O.C. 14th Infantry Brigade.

1914. G.O.C. 16th (National) Mixed Brigade.

1918. Defence Commissioner, West Hunan.

1921. G.O.C. XIth (National) Division.

1921. Military Governor of Shensi.

1921. Promoted General.

1922. Military Governor of Honan.

1922. Military Inspector-General of Suiyuan, Chahar, and Jehol.

1923. Promoted Field-Marshal.

CHAPTER I

ROBUST CHRISTIANITY

THE contrast between Cromwell's Ironsides and Charles's Cavaliers is not more striking than that which exists in China to-day between the godly and well-disciplined troops of General Feng and the normal type of man who in that land goes by the name of soldier. For centuries China has had a proverb, which rhymes in their tongue: "You don't use good iron to make nails, nor enlist good men to make soldiers." While it is too much to say that there are no good soldiers in China outside of General Feng's army, it is none the less true that the people generally are as fearful of the presence of troops as of brigand bands. The brigands, indeed, are generally unpaid or disbanded troops, being to-day in the regular army and to-morrow freebooters.

The recent hold-up of a night express on the Peking-Pukow Railway and the taking into captivity of a score or more of British and American passengers, together with a larger number of Chinese captives, has brought home to the world at large the disorders which have been steadily increasing in China for the last twelve years. The chaos in China, which is perplexing and baffling foreign ministers as well as Chinese statesmen, brings into bold relief the remarkable career of the Christian General Feng Yü-hsiang, of whom we propose to speak.

A General who will order days of fasting and prayer for much-needed rain, who will give largess to a defeated army that they may disband and return to their homes, and whose troops will march into a conquered city singing Christian songs, is certainly no common man. And yet all these things, and many more, are true of General Feng. That such a man should arise in China to-day is an astonishing and hopeful sign. Standing over six feet in height, of impressive appearance and powerful build, he is every inch a soldier, in physique as well as in spirit. Of him Dr. Sherwood Eddy has written: "His face is grave and dignified, but full of charm, especially when it lights up with strong emotion, or kindles with his keen sense of humour. He seems to unite the stern discipline of Oliver Cromwell with the mystical devotion of Chinese Gordon and the Christian character and quiet dignity of Stonewall Jackson." A man of whom this can be said is certainly a man to know.

There is something peculiarly arresting in the personality of a great Christian soldier. In the first place, he probably presents an outstanding illustration of a manly and robust Christianity. Speaking generally, these men of action have been men whose physical and mental activities have commanded esteem, and when to those qualities have been added the moral graces of the Christian, there have been presented to the world fine and noble types of manhood.

Since a fully-formed Christianity has to do with body and soul as well as spirit, it is not altogether to be wondered at that some of the finest types of the followers of Christ have been found amongst those whose calling demands the development of manly virtues and yet permits the manifestation of Christian graces.

It is significant that our LORD JESUS marvelled in admiration at the faith of a Roman soldier, the godly centurion of Capernaum, and that GOD should have so

ordered that the great step which broke down the wall of partition between Jew and Gentile should have taken place in the home of another man of arms, Cornelius, the centurion at Caesarea.

Again, the Christian soldier not infrequently is arresting because he stands out in marked contrast to a sad background of gross disorder and cruel violence. It is this which brings into bold relief men like Havelock and Outram, the Lawrences and Nicholson, in the days of the Indian Mutiny; or Gordon, both in China and in Egypt, or Cromwell or Stonewall Jackson in the times of civil strife in England and the United States of America. And to-day, when the whole world has so recently suffered from the evils of a rapacious militarism, and China is ravaged by civil strife and brigandage, the figure of a man like General Feng, the brave fighter yet humble follower of JESUS of Nazareth, makes its special appeal.

At a time when China is cursed by a multitude of military leaders, each fighting for his own hand, General Feng stands out as an illustration of what the grace of GOD can do to redeem a life from destruction and make it a strong witness to His mercy and power. In many ways the story of General Feng has no parallel, though he and his men have many things in common with Cromwell and his Ironsides. The man of whom we speak certainly proves how GOD can gird a man to do His will at a time when, in the language of the Psalmist, "the earth does change and when the mountains are being cast into the heart of the seas."

Though we have shrunk from writing about a man who still lives, the requests for the story of his life have been so frequent and so insistent that we have yielded to the demands, and attempted to piece together in the following pages, from many scattered sources, a record of this man's remarkable and yet unfinished career. We

purposely say "unfinished career," for upon each reader lies a tremendous responsibility as to what that future shall be. There is something laudable in desiring to magnify the grace of GOD in a man, but in doing this we dare not idolise any one, lest GOD should permit our idol to be shattered. It is important to distinguish between humble thanksgiving for every manifestation of GOD'S grace, and that unhealthy desire for signs and wonders, or the love of the sensational which our Lord Himself rebuked. And there are the possibilities in the future of General Feng, of his doing yet greater things for GOD, or miserably failing, and thereby bringing contempt upon the cause he now adorns. We cannot, therefore, urge too strongly upon all readers of this little pamphlet the immeasurable responsibility which rests upon them to uphold such a man in his difficult position by persistent and believing prayer.

CHAPTER II

FENG YÜ-HSIANG'S CONVERSION

General Feng was born of humble parents in central China about the year 1880. His home in Anhwei was destroyed during his boyhood by one of those periodic floods which have brought such ruin and desolation to countless thousands of Chinese. With all their possessions swept away, the family, reduced to beggary, left the flooded country and trekked north as far as Paotingfu in the province of Chihli. We can see them, as we have seen thousands of similarly placed refugees, slowly wending their way along the narrow and badly-built roads, trundling their few precious belongings before them on a barrow. It is a pitiable but all-too-common sight which has given to the Yellow River the unenviable sobriquet of " China's sorrow."

In view of these calamities, it was inevitable that Feng Yü-hsiang could not enjoy the advantages of much education, but happily he was blessed with a strong and splendid physique, which the hardships of his early days had not impaired. When about eighteen years of age, as life afforded him few alluring prospects, he enlisted as a private in the Chinese army, little realising to what a position he would eventually climb. It was during these early days that he heard those strange and common rumours of missionaries taking out the eyes of children

in their hospitals for sundry occult purposes such as photography and telegraphy, with other malicious stories, all of which he fondly believed. A roisterous, fun-loving youth, full of life and spirit, he was ever ready for mischief; and upon one occasion during an epidemic of cholera, when he with other soldiers was sent through the city to shoot into the air to frighten away the demons of disease, he regarded it as fine sport to fire his shots at the sign-board of the American Presbyterian Mission situated to the north of the city.

His first contact with missionaries took place in the streets of Paotingfu, where he encountered a missionary preaching in the open air with a table as a pulpit. The text of the discourse was taken from the Sermon on the Mount: "Resist not him that is evil, but whoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man would go to law with thee and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." To the young soldier this was strange teaching, and being of a practical turn of mind, he determined to see whether the preacher practised what he preached. He thereupon shouldered the missionary's table and started to carry it off, but the exponent of the Sermon on the Mount failed to rise to the occasion, contended with his stalwart opponent, and clung so tenaciously to his improvised pulpit that the soldier at length relinquished it. Though young Feng was not impressed with a theory which failed in practice, he was ere long brought into contact with sterner facts, and with a more striking example of Christianity.

During the harrowing Boxer outbreak of 1900, Feng Yü-hsiang, though not a Boxer, was brought as a soldier into intimate touch with the deadly work of the persecutors. A mob of Boxers, armed with guns and knives, had surrounded the compound of the American Board situated in the suburbs outside the south wall of Paotingfu. Within the compound were Mr. Horace

Tracey Pitkin, a young Yale graduate whose wife and infant son were at home in America, Miss Mary Morrill and Miss Annie Gould, together with a company of Christian Chinese who would not desert their missionary friends.

While the mob was engaged in hammering upon the solid gate, the city magistrate sent a regiment of soldiers with orders to surround the property but not to interfere. In this way young Feng, who was one of this regiment, was so stationed as to see and hear all that transpired. To his astonishment, just when it seemed as though the gate would give way, it was opened from within and an American girl walked out, unattended and unarmed. This was none other than Mary Morrill, who by disposition was a timid and a shrinking woman. So great had been her distrust of herself that she had long delayed ere offering for the foreign field, and had even remarked that " if the supreme call should ever come, my cowardice is so great I fear I shall run away."

Yet this naturally timid woman began in quiet tones to plead with the Boxers : " Why do you come here to kill us ? Why do you want to take our lives ? We are your friends ; we seek only to do you good. We have left our homes and come far to share with you the Good Tidings received from GOD. Have we not visited you in your homes ? Have we not taught your children ? Have we not cured your sick ? Is it for this you seek to kill us ? " To all these pleadings came back the cruel chorus: "You are our enemies, and we mean to slay you."

Finding the Boxers unmoved by what she said, she then offered to die if the lives of the others might be spared. " Let me die for the others," she said. " Slay me, but spare my friends. Here I am, helpless and alone ; take me ; you can do what you please."

Strange to say, those rough and violent men, with the exception of a few hotheads, were actually moved to

tears, with the result that the missionaries enjoyed an all too brief respite from attack.

The scene now shifts to the compound of the American Presbyterians north of the city, where Feng's regiment had been ordered to march, though commanded not to interfere with the Boxers, but only to observe and report. This was on Saturday, June 30th. Already stubble had been piled against the door of the compound, which, when fired, soon reduced the outside gate to ashes. The Boxers then proceeded to loot the hospital, chapel, and some of the houses, setting fire to each before the contents were entirely removed. The faithful gatekeeper and some of the servants were either killed or driven to leap into the well, and at length the house to which the missionaries had retired was fired also. In vain Dr. Taylor, from the window of his own room, had remonstrated with the crowd, pleading the deeds of kindness they had done. It was all of none effect, and he with his companions, Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. Simcox and three children, perished in the ruthless flames.

The report of these dastardly deeds soon reached that other company of missionaries in the compound of the American Board already referred to. There is no need to describe the anxious night that followed, and when next morning, Sunday, July 1st, broke with pouring rain, their hopes of being unmolested were raised. But the weather was no deterrent to these wild men. Aided by imperial soldiery this time, the Boxers soon burst open the gate and rushed in. In a desperate bid for life, Mr. Pitkin and the two ladies leapt through the window of the church into the school-yard, and took refuge in a small room ; but they were soon discovered, and Mr. Pitkin's head was severed from his body by a stroke of a sword. The ladies were then seized by the brutal mob, and as Miss Gould, overcome with emotion, fell powerless to the ground, her hands and feet were bound, and she

was carried off to a temple which was the headquarters of the Boxers, while Miss Morrill quietly walked behind, exhorting the people as she went, and even giving some silver to a poor creature in the crowd.

In the temple to which they were taken they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, with their little daughter Gladys, and Mr. William Cooper, all of the China Inland Mission. They were not long spared, however, to comfort one another, for in the afternoon the whole party, bound together by ropes, were taken outside the city to the south-east corner of the wall, where they were beheaded.

Young Feng had been no unmoved spectator of these terrible doings—too terrible to describe in detail. It had all made a deep impression on his heart—so deep, indeed, that it may be said that the blood of these martyrs became the seed of a new life within.

The next influence brought to bear upon his spiritual life came through medical missions. He was at that time stationed near Peking, and was troubled with a bad ulcer. For the relief of this he sought the advice of two Chinese physicians, each of whom sought to make spoil of him, declaring the sore to be malignant, and demanding sixty dollars to heal him. The imputation that he had been living a vicious life vexed him, for it was not true ; and he resented the evident attempt to frighten him into paying an exorbitant demand. He therefore went to a Mission Hospital, where he was kindly treated, cured, and then told, in answer to his inquiry, that there was nothing to pay. Such conduct, especially from those who had previously been persecuted, was not lost upon a man of Feng's nature. The doctor's words, "There is nothing to pay, only I want you to remember that GOD loves you and sent me to heal you," were not forgotten, and to this day he acknowledges the deep impression upon his mind.

Upon another occasion, during the year of the plague,

when stationed with his men in Manchuria, he was inoculated against plague by a missionary doctor. Again he asked the doctor's fee, and was again astonished and impressed by a somewhat similar reply to the one he had received before.

Years passed, but the truth was slowly making its impression upon his heart and mind, for in different ways he was brought in touch with the Gospel. Upon one occasion, in the early days of the revolution, he was sent down from Peking to Yencheng, in Honan, to collect an army. Some of the young Christians connected with the C.I.M. Church in that city were desirous to join, but came to the missionary, the Rev. C. N. Lack, to know what he thought about it. He discouraged them, saying that the Christians were all too few and could not well be spared for military service. Somehow or other the news of this reached the ears of Major Feng—for that was his rank at the time—and he called to see the foreigner who had dared to discourage Chinese from enlisting. The story of the interview has been told by Mr. Lack as follows :

" The great man came in with his soldiers, and after we had paid compliments to each other for five or ten minutes he said to me :

" ' I hear that you do not want your Christians to join the army. This won't do, you know.'

" ' Well,' I replied, ' it is this way, Major. You are collecting an army and so am I.'

" ' Oh,' he said. ' Is that it ? '

" ' Yes,' I replied. ' I am collecting an army for King JESUS, and you are collecting an army for the President of China.' He laughed and seemed to think it a great joke. I said : ' You know, we have not many young men here, and we want our young men to be soldiers for CHRIST in all these business places, in the schools, on the farms, etc., and they are all too few. You come back in twenty

or thirty years' time and you will find plenty of fine young men.'

"To this he responded, 'That is all right.'

"I then preached the gospel to him for about an hour and asked him:

"'Will you come to the service next Sunday?'

"He said, 'Certainly I will,' and he came, and sat in the front seat. We had a good time that morning, and at the conclusion of the service I gave him a packet of books and begged him to read them carefully."

After this Major Feng returned, with such an army as he had secured, to Peking, and after about a month wrote to Mr. Lack thanking him for the books, saying he had read them and passed them on to his fellow-officers, and requesting ten more packets. These were gladly sent off by post.

In this and in other ways Feng Yü-hsiang was brought under the influence of the Gospel, but it was not until he attended one of the great meetings held by Dr. J. R. Mott in Peking that he finally came out on the LORD'S side. It will be remembered that from October 1912 to May 1913 Dr. Mott was engaged in an extended tour through the principal mission fields of Asia, holding conferences with the workers and special meetings for students. It was during the early months of 1913 that he was in China, and in practically every centre he visited the students flocked by thousands to hear him speak, while the authorities most kindly placed the largest available buildings at his disposal. In one centre the Chinese Government granted him the use of the Provincial Assembly, and at Mukden placed a special train at his disposal to enable him to fulfil his engagements and avoid travelling on Sunday to Korea. During his mission in Peking, Major Feng attended and definitely surrendered to the LORD. He immediately joined a Bible class conducted by Pastor Liu, of the Methodist

Episcopal Church, and was baptized. At this time he had five hundred men under his command, and characteristically at once began to try and win them for Christ.

Previous to his conversion Major Feng had been afflicted with a violent temper, and frequently struck his men on parade. His wife also was subject to similar ill-treatment. It was not long after his profession of faith in CHRIST that he was subjected to a severe testing. His elder brother gave way to evil living, took another woman as wife, and threatened to shoot his real wife. This made Major Feng furious, and he vowed vengeance upon the one who had brought disgrace upon the family. In the providence of God, the subject discussed at the next Bible class he attended was "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the LORD." This word brought him under the strong conviction that his policy was wrong, and he felt tested to the uttermost, especially as his brother sent him a letter of defiance and a challenge to fight. There was the inevitable struggle, but Major Feng obtained the victory, and he said: "It was my Heavenly Father who sent me that message of forgiveness, just in time to save me. Had it not been for that I should have gone to my brother, and either killed him or he would have killed me. But with the Word of GOD in my heart I disregarded my brother's defiance, and sent by the hand of a friend $100, with a letter saying that if he needed more to set up in business I would let him have it. My brother was so astonished at this treatment that he put away the bad woman and was reconciled to his wife."

CHAPTER III

AMONG CHINA'S WESTERN HILLS

In the year 1915 strange rumours were afloat in Paoning, a city of East Szechwan. It was reported that an army was approaching, the commander of which was a follower of the foreign religion. Many improbable stories were told at that time about the approaching soldiers, and the minds of the people were filled with great expectation.

One day the missionary in charge of the station, the Rev. W. H. Aldis, was seated in his study when some slight noise at the gateway attracted his attention, and the gatekeeper was seen running across the courtyard carrying a Chinese visiting card, which he duly presented. The name on the card was none other than that of General Feng Yü-hsiang. He had come to pay his respects to the missionaries, and was soon ushered into the sitting-room.

The first impression he made upon his host was that here was the most soldierly-looking man who had ever visited the city, tall and of imposing appearance, one who would be a distinguished individual anywhere. In the most friendly manner he sat and conversed, and was soon telling the now well-known story of his conversion. Pulling from his pocket the Testament he always carried, he spoke of his daily habit of reading the Word of God.

General Feng—for he was now a Brigadier-General—

had been sent to deal with the bands of brigands who were terrorising the district and carrying destruction everywhere before them. Being a stranger to the province, and having only the poor Chinese military maps, he was ill-equipped to deal with bands of local men, well acquainted with all the mountain fastnesses, who could easily elude his attempts to capture them. Mr. Aldis had long talks with him about his difficult task, and was able to present him with his own copy of an Ordnance Survey of the district prepared by British officers, which, strange to say, was much more complete and correct than any the Chinese possessed.

There happened at this time to be in the city a wealthy Christian farmer who had fled from the brigand-infested region, since he was one of those marked out to be kidnapped. As he knew the district well, he was introduced to the General, to whom he gave useful information about the haunts of the brigands. It was only natural that the General should appeal to him to go as guide to the army, but the poor man, terrified at the thought, fell upon his knees and begged to be excused, pleading, "It will be all right for me while you are here, General, but when you are gone they will kill me."

The General, looking down upon the man, put out his hand and raised him to his feet, and said, "Now, you and I are brothers in CHRIST, and as the disciples of the One who laid down His life for us, we ought, if necessary, to lay down our lives for our country." But the poor farmer was not made of the same stuff as the General, and failed to see the force of the argument, still pleading to be excused. General Feng finally realised something of what it would mean for the man and dispensed with his services. Thereupon several of the gentry of the city were appointed to accompany the General as advisers, seeing he was a stranger to the district. On the return of these men to the city, after the brigands

had been successfully dealt with, they paid an unsolicited tribute to the character of the man they had accompanied. One of these elders stated that in travelling with the General, who slept in the next room, they noticed that he rose very early in the morning, while they themselves were snugly resting in bed. Being interested in his movements they listened, and heard him apparently reading, and soon discovered that he was reading from the New Testament. Then came a change in tone in the General's voice, and they learned he was praying, pleading with GOD for blessing on the day's enterprise.

During the General's stay in the city his simplicity of life impressed the Chinese tremendously. Whilst being a strict disciplinarian, he lived amongst his men in the simplest possible way, dressing practically as they did, without any of the usual pomp and show of the Chinese officials.

After having successfully dealt with the brigands in the parts to which he had at first been sent, he passed on to the city of Mienchow, where he was appointed military controller. Here again he made a bold and open confession of his allegiance to JESUS CHRIST, visiting the boys' school, and on several occasions giving the lads an earnest Gospel talk, urging them to value their Bibles, and showing them his own pocket Testament which meant so much to him.

During his stay in that city the district was suffering from severe drought, so much so that the crops were threatened with almost total destruction. One day the civil magistrate of the city came to the General and said, "General, will you join me to-morrow in the temple in prayer for rain?" To this request the General promptly replied: "No, I cannot do that, but I will tell you what I will do. I will arrange a Christian prayer meeting for rain, and shall be glad if you and the city elders will accompany me." The magistrate being his subordinate,

could not but consent, so on the following day the Christian prayer meeting for rain was duly held.

Several of the missionaries in the city were invited to be present and take part, and both the magistrate and all the subordinate officials were in attendance. At this gathering the General presided, and read as a Scripture portion the story of Elijah on Mount Carmel and his prayer for rain. He then made a simple statement of his own belief in GOD and in the power of prayer, after which he called on one of the missionaries to lead the whole assembly in intercession and confession. He himself then followed in a prayer which made a great impression, both by its child-like simplicity and its earnest and passionate appeal for GOD'S mercy on his country. Within a day or two of this meeting rain fell in abundance, and a great portion of the crops was saved.

It need hardly be said that the magistrate, the salt commissioner, and other gentry of the city were deeply impressed by this whole incident ; so much so, indeed, that they asked that they might attend a class for the study of that Book to which the General attributed the success of his life.

Shortly after this the General was removed to the south of the province, where he was engaged in severe fighting with invaders from the province of Yunnan. In this conflict with the southern army he attempted to take a strong position, but on account of a shortage in his artillery ammunition he was compelled to retreat. When fresh supplies were secured he renewed the attack, took the position, and by his artillery smashed the only bridge across the river, and thus had the southern army at his mercy. Recognising their helpless position, the men threw down their arms and surrendered. General Feng then assembled the beaten army, delivered them a lecture on patriotism, and then ordered that ten dollars be given to each officer and five dollars to each

private, and dismissed them to their homes. The effect upon the men was described by General Feng himself as follows: "The amazed southerners fell all around weeping; then arose and went home." Such a method of dealing with a defeated foe was noised far and wide, and became one of the most remarkable advertisements of Christian principles.

On December 12, 1915, all the newspapers in Peking were printed in red in celebration of H.E. Yuan Shih-kai's acceptance of the throne, though he deferred his actual accession. This news concerning the foundation of a new dynasty was telegraphed throughout China, and General Feng received an official intimation with instructions to hold the province for the new Emperor. This was an unexpected command, and with characteristic independence the General immediately wired back to say that he came to Szechwan to deal with brigands and not to support a monarchy. This was a bold step, and indicated at least his intention to resign.

The failure of H.E. Yuan Shih-kai's attempt and his subsequent death are well known and need not be related. In the course of time General Feng was called upon to leave the province, a departure which was lamented by all. It was a strange contrast to previous departures of other prominent officials, who usually were attended by numberless coolies carrying the spoils of office. It is enough to say that General Feng left the province as poor a man as he entered it.

CHAPTER IV

A MODEL COMMANDER

It is not possible to follow in detail General Feng's movements after leaving West China. For three months he and his 10,000 men camped at Wusueh in Hupeh, bearing an impressive witness for Jesus Christ, although by so doing they incurred the displeasure of some of the officials in Peking. He gladly welcomed the fellowship and help of the local missionaries, and by letter implored them to secure the remembrance of God's people on his behalf. The inhabitants of the city, who had feared his coming, knowing all too well the ways of Chinese soldiers, remarked before he left: "If the religion of Jesus Christ makes such men, may their number be increased."

From Hupeh he was moved to Anhwei, his own province, for a time, but in the autumn of 1918, when a northern force had come to grief at Changteh in Hunan, he was ordered to proceed to that province and retake the city. After making careful plans for the retaking of that place, and securing certain strategic advantages, he despatched a note by the hand of two missionaries to the southern commander, in which he said: "I have orders to take the city and I intend to do so. I desire, however, to avoid bloodshed, and therefore urge you to retire and avoid loss of life."

The southern commander evidently recognised that he had met his master, and that discretion was the better part of valour. He therefore withdrew some fifty miles to the south, leaving General Feng free access.

The city was in a sad plight when entered, for it had been occupied by several armies in turn, and had been at the cruel mercy of licentious troops, who roamed the streets with fixed bayonets, looting the shops and abusing the people. In consequence, many of the places of business were closed, and a general air of destitution and despair prevailed.

General Feng immediately took the situation in hand, gave orders that all prostitutes should leave the city within three days ; that all gambling dens and theatres should be closed or turned into schools, workshops, or preaching halls ; that all opium and morphia shops should be shut and the owners fined, and that business generally be resumed under promise of protection. One morphia dealer was fined $7000, though his Japanese partner escaped.

And General Feng was a man who took steps to command obedience. Dressed in plain uniform, wearing a straw hat the same as his men, and with straw sandals instead of boots, he delighted to walk the streets of the city inspecting conditions. Towering above everybody, with dark black eyes that appeared "like gimlets piercing your inmost soul," he penetrated everywhere, without any imposing retinue to herald his approach. His ear was open to all grievances, his hand heavy upon all ill-doers, and his daily receptions open to all, irrespective of poverty or wealth.

As he was stationed at Changteh for two years and had full authority over a large district, he was able to work out his plans somewhat thoroughly, and it was while here he began to attract the attention of a wider public. His officers and men were confined to barracks

when not on duty, and were not allowed on the streets unless wearing conspicuously on their uniform a wooden pass which clearly stated the reasons for leave. Bible texts and moral precepts were painted in large characters on the walls of every available place both in city and camp as silent preachers to the people. At night the streets were closed to all pedestrians and there were no special permits. No one, whether he were Chinese or foreigner, and no matter of what rank, could leave the city without his boxes and luggage being inspected, while the gates were closed every night at 9 P.M.

He was also as impartial and fearless as he was strict, nor was he to be browbeaten. Upon one night after hours two Japanese came to the gate demanding admittance, but the guards refused. Thereupon one of the Japanese, in characteristic fashion, used his cane over the head of the soldier, who promptly bayoneted him in the leg. The Japanese Consul, and men from a Japanese gunboat near by, tried to frighten the General, but they were given clearly to understand that it was he who ruled the city.

Some time after this, two marines from the Japanese gunboat were caught at midnight climbing the city wall, and were taken to the General. The Japanese commander sent a demand for the release of his men, whereupon the General replied: "When you come and apologise to me for your men, who were caught as ordinary robbers, they shall be released." When at last the Japanese commander came, General Feng said: "How is it that we have so many good people from many lands coming to China to help us, but I have never yet met a good Japanese. Are you all bad? Have you no shame left?"

And yet he knew how to be lenient and generous. It is reported that he spared the lives of many southern spies who were caught and brought to him in fear and trembling. Instead of issuing orders for the firing squad,

he took the men by the hand and led them throughout the city, showing to them the strength of his regiments, his horses and guns, his grenade corps and other arms, and then, handing them a sum of money, sent them back to tell his enemies what they had seen.

It was only when he was dealing with hardened criminals or red-handed brigands that he resorted to the extreme penalty. He personally thrashed one of his colonels caught going to a house of ill-fame, and it is said he had another man shot for a similar offence after repeated warnings.

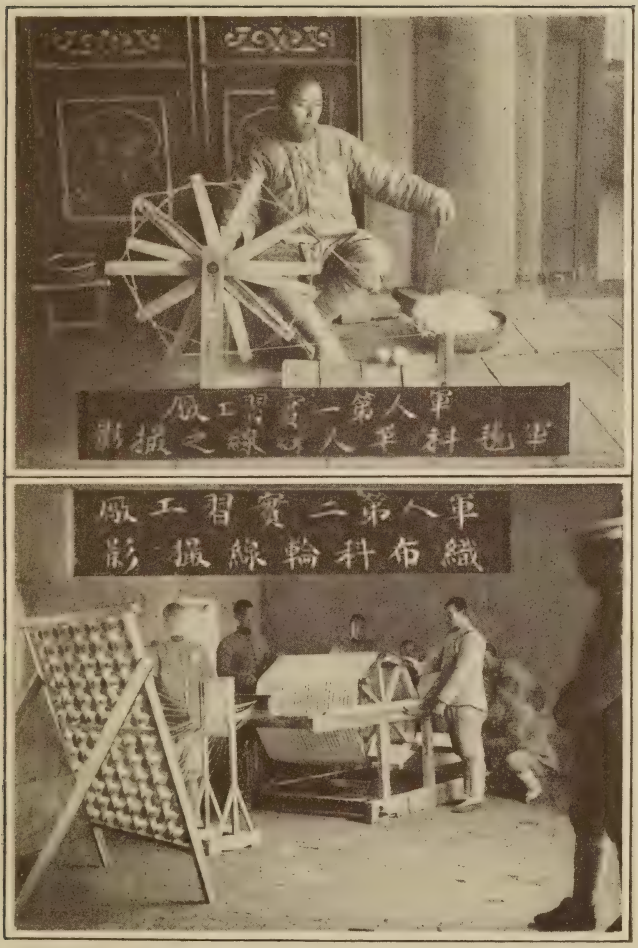
It was while at this centre he perfected his programme for making his army a regenerating force wherever stationed. Here too he prepared his famous manual, *The Spirit of the Soldier*, which all his men had to memorise. This little book contained the rudiments of military training and some Christian teaching, with illustrations drawn from the lives of such Christian soldiers as Oliver Cromwell and General Gordon.

He fully recognised what is all too true in China, that many ex-army men become brigands, and said quite frankly, " The army is a machine for making bandits." But that that might not be true of his men, he determined to make them good citizens whether they remained in the army or not. During a man's first three years of service he is taught, in addition to his military duties, both to read and write. Thereafter each officer (below a certain rank) and all soldiers have to learn a trade which is likely to be useful in after life. His army is probably the only one in the world where there are battalions of tailors, boot-makers, weavers, carpenters, and carpet-makers. The scheme is that each battalion shall be taught a separate craft. There is thus a battalion of tailors, and another of boot-makers, and another of weavers, and so on. Even a junior officer could be seen seated at a hand-loom in the midst of his men engaged

in weaving cloth. And in everything the General sets an example to his men. Every day he gives some definite time to study, and works for an hour in one of the shops. A large proportion of the articles manufactured are used in the army; the remainder is sold, and a portion of the proceeds goes to the workers themselves. The result is that the men seem contented and happy and greatly interested in their work. And there is no slackening of discipline while the men are thus engaged; their arms are piled outside, and they are ready for military service at a moment's notice.

Dr. J. Goforth, who has spent much time with the General, has written of his visit to Changteh as follows: "He took us to see his factories, and there we saw scores of knitting machines on which all the socks for the army are made. Dozens of sewing machines were used for making clothes. There were looms galore weaving towels, etc., in addition to book-binding, rattan chair-making, etc. The soldiers working at these trades were all about forty years of age.

"We went also with the General on the inspection of the barracks. It was astonishing to find a place in China without offensive smells and filth. Every bed was clean; each man had a mosquito net; every gun, bayonet, strap, and buckle shone. It was fine to see their Bibles and hymn books everywhere neatly piled up with their military books. In drill they were efficient in every detail. Officers in neat athletic suits were called out to let us see what they could do; even Colonel Li was among them. Their feats on the horizontal bars, etc., and the obstacle race were remarkable. The General called my attention to the buckles the officers wore on their athletic suit belts. These were won as prizes on route marches. 'There is one,' said he, 'who led his company with all their kit and made forty miles in seven hours.'



MARSHAL FENG'S MEN ENGAGED IN COTTON HANDICRAFTS.

From official Army photographs.

To face page 22.

"The General's control over his men seems absolute. They would die for him. He calls them his 'boys'; he is like a father to them. A little thing revealed the secret. We landed with the General from a boat at Tao-yuan, thirty miles up river. The 3000 men there were facing the southern army. As we passed through a narrow covered way, soldiers stood at intervals like statues with fixed bayonets. The General gently touched each soldier's arm as he passed."

CHAPTER V

A GREAT WORK OF GRACE

General Feng is a man of tremendous energy; he believes in work as a great character builder, and one of the secrets of his success is that he keeps his men busy. Every hour of the day is provided for, either in the factories, or in drill, in Bible study, or in athletic exercises. And in all this he sets an example himself, giving definite time each day to study and to work in one of the shops.

For the sake of the people in the city, as well as for his own soldiers, he has had large stone slabs erected in prominent places, on which are engraved, in bold characters, selected passages from the Holy Scriptures as well as from the Chinese classics. Religious services are held at regular hours each day, and the men are encouraged to read their own Bibles and pray. One of his difficulties was to secure a sufficient supply of Christian books. Again and again he would buy up all the supplies held by the local Missions, and when he could not secure enough Catechisms he would have three men studying from one copy. Not only did he invite the local missionaries to hold Bible classes for his men, but he invited Dr. and Mrs. Goforth, the Rev. G. G. Warren, and the Rev. Shen Wen-ch'ing and others to come and instruct his officers and men in the way of the

truth. Being urgent in this matter, he promised to meet all expenses, and so arrange the drills that there might be fresh companies of men available every hour of the day.

To meet these demands was no small tax upon the workers, for fresh squads of men were waiting from early morning till well on into the evening or night. And the General and his officers brought their own difficulties to be solved. "I never saw men so eager to study the Bible," wrote Dr. Goforth. One evening a list of 86 names of men who wanted to study the Bible was handed in, and the General arranged that they should meet next morning at 6 o'clock. At the time appointed instead of 86 there were hundreds, almost filling the theatre, and the General telegraphed for Mrs. Goforth to come at his expense, that she might hold classes for the officers' wives.

The singing of hymns became as familiar as the sound of the bugle, and when meals were served the men would stand and sing their thanks before eating. These things were not limited to the city of Changteh, but took place at Taoyuan and wherever the General's men were located. "Traverse the world over," wrote Dr. Goforth, "and you would not secure better attention than that given by these military men. After each address I left the meeting open for prayer, and from the first the higher officers commenced confessing their sins. After speaking on 'Break up the fallow ground and sow not among thorns,' many seemed much cut up and confessed freely. Finally the General said: 'If we did not believe this message came to us from our Father in Heaven, would we stand it? Here a man from another land comes and lays all our faults and sins bare and we are not angry but convicted. I am convicted through and through!'"

Overflow meetings were held by the Rev. G. G. Warren for those unable to get into the hall where Dr. Goforth was speaking. On the fifth night there was a memorable

outpouring of God's Spirit on the meetings. Mr. Warren, writing of this occasion, says: "Mr. Goforth was the speaker, and the address was a series of thrilling incidents of wonderful seasons of blessing closely and distinctly connected with special prayer. As soon as the address was over the meeting was thrown open. The first prayer was offered by the Colonel. It was brief and to the point, but with nothing extraordinary about it. Then the strong voice of the General was heard. Before the second sentence his voice quivered with emotion, and soon there was weeping aloud. Did ever before, in all history, any General confess his shortcomings before his own officers and men as General Feng confessed his that afternoon? As he went on, in words I should feel it a sacrilege to repeat, the whole hall became a scene of loud weeping. I was on the platform next to the General, and right above me in the gallery I could hear the sobs and ejaculated petitions of the men sitting there.

"Any one who could suggest that the men were either hysterical, or that they were acting to get favour with the General, would be talking about a matter he did not understand. Every one present bowed and acknowledged that of a truth God was present with us. When the General went on to pray for his beloved China I listened to the greatest example I can conceive of of 'groanings that cannot be uttered.' He broke down utterly and wept.

"One after another followed, staff officers, colonels, and others, most of them weeping, and all over the hall was the sound of sobs that could not be suppressed. . . .

"Had you been present that afternoon as the General left the meeting, and heard the short, sharp command, 'Attention!' and then seen the men spring to their feet with one simultaneous stamp, you would have had the assurance that the General had lost no atom of respect because of that mighty outpouring of his heart. I have

never lived in one of our English barracks, but I have spent a night on board one of His Majesty's ships. I venture to say that the discipline, the cleanliness, the wholesome atmosphere of the Sixteenth Mixed Brigade will compare point by point with anything in the British Navy : the *esprit de corps* is marked ; beyond all question the General is as loved as he is obeyed."

At Taoyuan there was the same whole-hearted response. At times the men were confessing and pleading with GOD in tears. A Major Wen, in tears expressed his amazement at the boundless love of GOD in CHRIST. That GOD should spare such wrath-deserving sinners seemed too wonderful. " In our impenitent state," he said, " we were in as great jeopardy as a man riding a blind horse around the edge of a precipice." Another, a young captain, burst out crying in prayer, and said he had reviled the cause of the LORD JESUS and had ridiculed his General for believing in Christ. This particularly delighted General Feng, for this captain was a bright scholar, and had previously refused to look at the Bible.

" One day," said the General to Dr. Goforth, " while I was reading the Bible, he came and stood near me and said : ' General, everything you say and do we all approve and admire your wisdom, but we cannot understand one so wise in other things taken up with such an absurd book as that.' In fun," continued the General, " I thrust out my hand to grasp him but he fled away laughing, and now to think that the Spirit of GOD has made him bend like that ! " Later on, when a number of officers came to Dr. Goforth to be examined for baptism, this man proved to be one of the most instructed.

These officers were not content with seeking the conversion of the 9000 men in General Feng's army, but formed themselves into an evangelistic band for the salvation of the people living in the district in which they were stationed. The first item in the list of rules

they drew up was that each officer should seek to bring at least one of the chief men of the city to CHRIST by the end of the year.

And they were men with faith in GOD as simple and direct as that of a little child. At a time when through prolonged drought the local crops were threatened with destruction the General assembled the people together, then called upon the priests and nuns of the Buddhist and Taoist religions to pray for rain. At such a summons these men and women were in hopeless consternation, whereupon the General and his officers led the assembly in prayer. And the answer was not long delayed, for soon there was an abundance of rain.

In an amazing way the Gospel spread throughout General Feng's army, so much so that Dr. Goforth said it seemed as though they were turning to GOD by regiments. Although less than eight years before this the General and all his men were heathen, at this time eight out of every ten were sincere believers. Five hundred had been baptized before Dr. Goforth came, and he had the joy of baptizing 507 at a most solemn and impressive gathering. In small companies the men came forward as the General read out their names. Three times during the service the General kneeled down and poured out his heart to GOD for his men. As soon as the last one of each batch had been baptized Colonel Chang, who was at the organ with his choir, started a verse of

> O happy day that fixed my choice
> On Thee my Saviour and my Lord.

As each squad was baptized either this hymn was sung or it was varied by

> O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
> There is room in my heart for Thee.

It was a busy day at Taoyuan when about half the five hundred were received, the officers' prayer meeting having commenced at 6.30 A.M., and the baptismal service not concluding till nearly 5 P.M. The examination of the candidates lasted for three hours and the baptismal service for two hours and a half. The service at Changteh was similar.

The Rev. Shen Wen-ch'ing also examined a large number of men, and found many proofs that they had personally tested and experienced the power of CHRIST to save from sin. It was the joy of this Chinese pastor to baptize no fewer than 1165 men.

Not only was this army bearing an impressive witness for CHRIST locally, but the influence of General Feng and his men was felt elsewhere. General Wu Pei-fu, his superior, although not a Christian, was certainly influenced by what he had seen and heard, for in his military handbook, which he had modelled on General Feng's, he has this interesting statement in the preface :

" Some years ago in England there was a man named Cromwell, who to save his country raised an army. He accepted none but good men who could pray. Before entering the battle the whole army joined in prayer. Their enemies seeing them on their knees in prayer, jeered profusely, deeming it a sign of weakness. But Cromwell's army would arise from prayer and sweep all before them, and that not once nor twice but continually, until their foes came to respect them so much that they called them ' Ironsides.' "

CHAPTER VI

TRIAL AND RETREAT

In December 1919, during the second year of his stay in Hunan, the General sent for Dr. Logan, an American medical missionary, asking him to come and see a relative of his wife's who was ill in his house. This man was mentally unbalanced, and instructions were given to an orderly to see he had no arms at hand before the doctor arrived. Through negligence the patient was not searched, with the result that when Dr. Logan arrived, in company with the General, the demented man drew his revolver and shot the doctor dead on the spot. Although the General immediately threw himself upon the madman his intervention was too late. He himself was wounded twice before he overpowered his relative. It was a narrow escape on his own part, but, regardless of his injuries, his grief at the death of his friend was unbounded.

That God had permitted such a calamity to happen in his own home was to him a great humiliation, and he subjected himself to much heart-searching and penitence. Humbling himself before God he confessed his sins and once again dedicated himself to His service, and in token of this shaved off his black silky moustache. He then called upon the bereaved widow to express his sorrow and sympathy. In memory of the doctor he subse-

quently erected a Y.M.C.A. army hut which he used as a memorial building, bearing the motto in Chinese, "Life given to save men," and a commemorative service was held on the anniversary of the doctor's death. At the first anniversary service the address was given by the Chinese pastor, the Rev. Shen Wen-ch'ing, on the text, "The love of Christ constraineth."

When this commemorative service took place the army was located in Honan at Sinyangchow, as they had been compelled to retire from Hunan. After the memorial ceremony, at which the General spoke at length on his deceased friend, the General, Dr. Goforth and others retired for breakfast, which the General called a "picnic." "We all sat down on the grass," wrote Dr. Goforth. "Each one had a whole roast chicken to himself, besides a large piece of Chinese bread and a bowl of dough-strings boiled in chicken broth. My capacity was not equal to my fare, but most of the others left nothing but chicken bones."

Breakfast finished, they returned to camp and held a service with 5000 men packed around them. Standing on a wall about eight feet high, a wall used for obstacle races, Dr. Goforth first addressed the men. They were then exercised, to give them a rest, after which the General spoke for an hour. This was a straight Gospel talk, illustrated by the sacrifice of his friend Dr. Logan. "At times," wrote Dr. Goforth, "he was intense even to tears. He could easily have been heard by 20,000 men. It was a sight not soon forgotten to see that great man, over six feet tall, weighing upwards of two hundred pounds, standing there pleading with that great body of men to yield their all to the LORD JESUS CHRIST."

It is worthy of note that the General, though he will pray with and preach to his men as an army, refrains from speaking to any man individually about his soul. This is intentionally done, lest any man might make

profession of faith merely because he had been exhorted thereto by his superior officer. All personal work he leaves to his men, limiting himself to the public ministry.

It was in the summer of 1920 that General Feng was compelled to withdraw from Hunan as mentioned above. Hostilities had broken out afresh, and a determined effort was made to crush him and his forces. Not only was he attacked by southern armies, but also by numerically superior forces from the north. In fact, he was hemmed in on three sides, and it was with no little grief that the people of the city saw the army which had maintained such excellent discipline, and under whose régime they had enjoyed two years of peace and safety, prepare to leave. The city had been largely freed from idol worship, from opium smoking, gambling and other social evils, while the temples had been transformed into schools. In appreciation of General Feng's rule the city officials presented each of the 10,000 men with a medal.

One of the last things the General did before he withdrew was publicly to burn a quantity of opium which his men had captured during their stay in the city, valued at more than one million dollars.

This withdrawal from Hunan, in spite of great peril, was accomplished without the loss of a single life or a pound of luggage. This seemed little less than a miracle, and Dr. Goforth, when he met the army in Honan, expressed amazement. "Do you think it strange?" said one of the colonels. "Are we not the soldiers of the living GOD? Did He not put fear into the hearts of the enemy, so that they dared not attack us?"

But while giving full acknowledgement to the mercy of GOD in this deliverance, there was also a human side. One colonel, who had been left with 1500 men to cover the withdrawal, said to Dr. Goforth: "I re-

membered your advice when in Hunan last year. You said then, ' If we would impress our Christianity upon the armies of China, we must come behind in no military detail, even to our shoelaces.' We travelled at night, and were always ready for attack, and when we encamped during the day we immediately threw up entrenchments. It was the hot season, therefore night marching was less trying. After we had escaped from the southern army we were in danger from a numerically stronger northern army. They had orders to lie in ambush and destroy us, but their General afterwards admitted that every time he planned attack he found us so ready that he gave it up as too dangerous."

From Hunan they withdrew into Hupeh and were for a time stationed at Hankow, whence they withdrew farther north along the Peking-Hankow railway, until they settled at Sinyangchow. Here continued the work of grace among the troops. Regular meetings for Bible study were held with all the officers, and they in their turn held evening meetings with their men. Every night the army was a busy hive of Christian activity. The officers also conducted open-air meetings on the streets for the local people. And the men continued at the learning of trades, so that when the age limit for service in the army was reached, they could return home and start business. And it was found that as the men did not spend their money on smoking, drinking or gambling, they had money to withdraw from the bank when they were discharged, even though they had received no pay for months.

It was during this time in Honan that the General attracted widespread attention and some measure of criticism by one of his bold acts. For long his men, though serving the Government, had not been paid, funds having been withheld from the General. The Ministry of War had no conscience in withholding funds,

and when the soldiers of other armies were driven to looting to recoup themselves for what the Government withheld, this was considered as an equivalent to payment. General Feng, determined to keep his men from looting and equally determined to deal justly with them, held up a train which was proceeding to Peking with taxes for the central Government. With these funds he paid his men and fearlessly reported to Peking what he had done.

There is no need to record in detail the work of grace which proceeded in Honan, for in the main it followed the lines pursued in Hunan. At Sinyangchow, an old military city, there were some hundreds of poor women of ill-repute whose presence was a curse to any city. These were given five days to leave the district. The General at first hesitated in giving these drastic orders, for the local officials appealed against such action. The city fathers also assembled to see what they could do to restrain the General. For a moment he hesitated, not wanting to give offence in a new city, and doubtless moved with compassion for the unhappy women themselves; but one of his colonels, Colonel Lu, asked with some surprise, "How is it that you have not sent all these women away, as at other centres?" General Feng replied, "We shall offend many if we do." "Yes," replied the Colonel, "and you will offend GOD if you do not." This settled the matter. In the evening when he addressed his men he told them that he was not liked for what he had done, and added, "I knew that it would only tempt you and the young students from the country, so I did not permit any to stay. Men, we are the LORD'S soldiers, and cannot permit the devil to do evil before our very eyes."

Upon another occasion he said to his men, "Our country is in so hopeless a condition from bad men in high places that, were it not for my faith in the LORD

JESUS CHRIST, I would give it all up and spend my remaining years in a hermit's cell."

It is only natural that attention should be centred upon General Feng to the exclusion of others, but some of the officers whom he had gathered around him are scarcely less remarkable men. Colonel Lu, whom we have recently mentioned, is just as full of zeal for the LORD as his chief. When the army first arrived in Sinyangchow he was deputed by the General to meet the local officials and gentry, who had arranged a big reception. After a few remarks he gave these officials and gentry a clear Gospel talk, the tears welling up in his eyes as he pleaded with them to be reconciled to CHRIST. He is a man of fine appearance and a capital speaker, who has worked his way up from the ranks like his General. His thought is to give up army work and devote himself solely to the preaching of the Gospel. But he hopes that by retaining his Colonel's rank he may gain access as a Y.M.C.A. worker into any of the encampments in China.

Some time ago, when a noted Christian educationalist from America visited China and met the Colonel, he spoke of the splendid achievements of Western civilisation and said :

" Colonel, the vital need of China to-day is that she, without delay, adopt those up-to-date educational methods which have made the countries of the West great." " Yes," said the Colonel in reply, " you would supply us with engines and cars, but without the road-bed to run them on. China has no lack of men trained in America, Britain, France and Germany, but they are just as ready to barter away the liberties of our country as any others. China needs above all else the living GOD to change and control the hearts of her people."

There are many evidences, not only among the officers

but also among the men, of the real change of heart wrought within them. When Dr. Goforth was talking with Colonel Lu one day a letter was handed in thanking the Colonel for the return of a valuable watch which had been restored. "Here," said the Colonel, "is a proof of CHRIST'S power to save. The soldier who found this watch was a Christian, and brought it at once to me. Had he been a heathen, neither I nor the owner would have seen that watch again."

He also related another instance which had taken place when the army was at Siaokan, north of Hankow. "On the station platform," said the Colonel, "a soldier picked up a purse and brought it to me. It contained ten dollars in silver and a one thousand dollar cheque. A man going north to buy hogs in Honan had lost it. We sent a man to the firm in Hankow to make inquiries. At first they were suspicious, for soldiers do not have a good reputation in China. He asked if they had lost anything, and they told him they had lost a purse with ten dollars and a cheque for one thousand dollars. 'Then,' said the man, 'send a man back with me to get it, for it was picked up by one of our soldiers.' This," said the Colonel, "is sufficient proof that grace has triumphed among our men."

There are other signs also of what grace has done. A foreigner when travelling by train from Hankow observed that his fellow-traveller, a Chinese officer, did not throw the tea leaves from his teapot on the floor, nor the shells of the peanuts he was eating, not to speak of other matters of deportment in which he differed from many of his countrymen. "Are you not a Christian?" said the foreigner to the officer. "Yes," he replied, "I belong to General Feng's army." "I thought so," said the foreigner, "from your behaviour in the common courtesies of life."

In these and many other ways the army of General

Feng is making its mark. And the General overlooks nothing that concerns the welfare of his men. When a man leaves the army the General keeps his record, and sends a notice to the official of the soldier's district saying, "This man has borne a good reputation in the army, is a Christian, and has learnt a trade." He also sends another report to the nearest missionary urging that every care be taken to prevent the man becoming a backslider.

CHAPTER VII

HIS ENTRY INTO SIAN

For five long years the province of Shensi had suffered the grievous misrule of its Military Governor, Ch'en Shu-fan. While enriching himself he had turned the province into a wilderness. His cup of iniquity was overflowing, his evil record being well known all over China, and at length a mandate from Peking dismissed him from office and appointed Governor Yen Hsiang-wen in his stead. But it was one thing to dismiss him and another thing to install his successor. Five years of secure tenure made Governor Ch'en bold, and he bade defiance to the authorities at Peking, with the result that General Feng was ordered to proceed to Shensi, expel the offender, and establish Governor Yen in the seat of power.

In the early summer of 1921, therefore, General Feng broke up his camp at Sinyangchow and entrained for the north-west. For the greater part of the journey the railway was available, but for the last week or ten days the army had to march by somewhat slow stages across mountains into the Shensi plain.

For several days severe fighting took place east of Sian, the ancient capital of the province and still more ancient imperial city, where the Nestorian tablet still bears its witness to early missionary pioneers. As Governor Ch'en refused to surrender, there was nothing

for it but to shell the city, which ere long capitulated, the rebel Governor fleeing west, while General Feng and his men entered from the east. It was a new thing to the people of Sian, who had suffered five years of oppression, to welcome such a force as that which General Feng led. The quality of the army and its equipment, its machine guns, mountain guns on mules, and even Red Cross detachments, were no small cause for astonishment; but what was more amazing was the fact that these men paid for everything they took, and committed no excesses. And even the missionaries, who had heard the almost incredible reports of these modern Ironsides, felt that half had not been told them. One of them, a Mr. O. Bengtsson, a Swedish Associate of the C.I.M., writing of these things, said:

"After going to bed that evening we heard the most beautiful song coming through the air. We rushed from our room to hear what it was, and were moved to tears when we heard the tune coming from General Feng's camp outside the city. Thereupon we kneeled down praising the LORD for such men. Just to think of it, some five thousand Christian soldiers in the city! And they are all gentlemen, with the people praising their good conduct." In truth this army was nothing less than a mighty evangelising force moving through China from province to province, bearing a testimony by its good works which moved thousands of hearts in a way that normal missionary operations never could. One can only say that GOD has His own way of doing His own work.

Concerning the bombardment of the city, and General Feng's entry with the new Governor, we cannot do better than quote at length a graphic account written, in a private letter, by one of the missionaries [1] resident in the city.

[1] Mrs. Benjamin C. Broomhall of the Baptist Missionary Society.

On July 5th we heard that the Honan troops were near, and although we hoped for the best, and knew that the Christian General Feng, with his 10,000 men, of whom 5000 are Christians, was leading the army, we feared there might be a bombardment and siege. At about ten o'clock on July 6th we heard the sound of big guns in the distance. Soon from our upstairs verandah we could see the smoke, and later we heard the crackle of rifle fire in the suburb. All the morning pathetic strings of refugees—women and little children, horses, cows, mules, donkeys—loaded with anything they could carry, were streaming into the city. At midday the firing was less.

By two o'clock it had begun again, and the children were now in bed, and not feeling inclined to lie down myself, I went downstairs and had just begun reading when I heard a huge bang quite near. Thinking we were firing from within the city now in defence, I went upstairs on to the verandah to see what was happening, and arrived in time to hear another explosion and see a great column of earth shoot up into the air just by the city gate, the people running helter-skelter from the spot. Immediately, just over my head, there was a terrific rush of air, and looking up to see the great flock of birds as I thought, I saw nothing, but heard the crash and bang of an explosion beyond the hospital chapel. Then, and not till then, did I realise that we were being shelled, and that shells were flying over our house!

I ran in to the children to get them out of bed, the servants came running in, my husband just came over from hospital to see we were taking shelter, and we hurried down into the cellar while the shells whizzed over and around us. We heard later that the range had been taken for the Governor's Yamen, but had got our compound, and we endured a rather lively two hours because the retreating Governor was meant to be sent warmly on his way.

The Mission houses in the suburb had been mistaken for a Yamen too, and had a warm time in the morning, several shells falling near the Shorrocks's house and eight in their garden. The children, of course, thought the bombardment

was " lovely," and little realised how their fond mother's knees were wobbling ! They hailed the shells with delight, and ate a lot of cake which we brought down with tea to cheer us in the cellar.

Mrs. Burdett was with us, but my husband spent the time walking round the wards and the compound cheering the faint-hearted. He was absolutely unmoved, and when I exhorted him to take care of himself as he went round, he said, " A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee," and went cheerfully off, soon to have a shell whizzing over his head and bursting in front of him outside the hospital gate ! We had shells on three sides of the hospital, and not one within our walls.

By five o'clock it was all over, and we emerged from our hiding-place ; our noble defenders had forsaken the gate and fled *en masse* to the west, the Governor himself fleeing on horseback at the eleventh hour. Before long the vanguard of " the enemy," and the official representatives of the new Governor, entered the city and rode to the Civil Governor, who earlier in the day had sent word that he and his troops were ready to welcome the newcomers in peace.

The next day, in the pouring rain, General Yen, our new Governor, rode into the city in state. Thousands of his troops with all their transport, a complete army on the march, had been pouring into the city during the morning, and now the streets were all lined with his own troops, and no civilians were allowed to be within twenty or thirty yards of the route. We, as privileged foreigners, stood in the front row and bowed our obeisance to our new ruler, who, with a cavalcade of generals and officers, rode past on horseback, splashing rather dismally through the mud. General Yen himself did not look very imposing, as he was enveloped in a cloak and hood, resembling Chaucer riding peaceably to Canterbury, more than a conqueror in his glory.

Within the first twenty-four hours of the bombardment we had in about thirty-five wounded soldiers (very few civilians were hurt—we only had three in), and with the

first convoy came an officer representing General Feng to say that the General hoped *his* men might be taken into the Mission hospital until his own base hospital equipment arrived. My husband put his hand on the major's shoulder, hailed him as a " brother in CHRIST," and, wonder of wonders ! our wards have since been full of men who were either Christians or knew the doctrine, and who took a keen interest in the services, sang lustily, and joined in fervent " amens " to those of the speakers.

To our great delight the famous General Feng sent word on the fourth day after his entry into the city that he wished to come and see his wounded men and the hospital. Within a few hours he, accompanied by his bodyguard, rode up to the hospital gate, where my husband met him and ushered him in. He is a striking personality, very tall and well built, with a kind, genial face. As he entered the wards, his men, recognising him, struggled to salute, but he forbade them even to try, and went graciously from one bed to another, gently patting them or stroking their hands in a loving fatherly manner which was most touching. He seemed to be brimful of love for them, and so genuine in his sorrow that they had been wounded.

After seeing the hospital my husband brought him home to tea in our drawing-room, and he greeted me with a sweet courtesy, and on hearing children's voices upstairs immediately asked to see them. So Kitty, Jessica and Josie were brought down, and treated him to their best Chinese bows as they approached him and shook hands. He fell in love with Jessica at once, kept her by him, gently patting and stroking her hand till I told the children to bow themselves out of the room. General Feng was half amused and half grieved at the two big empty shells standing in our fireplace, picked up on the day of the fighting outside our doors, and apologised for the fear he must have caused us and for the necessary evils of warfare.

We were deeply impressed by his charming humility and felt that " in quietness and confidence " was his strength ; he was so " Christian," so utterly different from the usual type of pompous, bragging Chinese soldiers, and so sugges-

tive of the "gentleness of CHRIST." We felt it a mighty honour to have him in our home, and when, as he left the house and his orderly wrapped his big cloak round him, and my husband put up his umbrella to escort him to the gate, General Feng simply took his arm and walked arm-in-arm with him to the gate to mount and ride away, my cup of joy was full.

We had barely recovered from the honour of entertaining General Feng when His Excellency General Yen, the new Governor, sent word two days later that he wished to visit the hospital and his wounded men. Of course we were delighted, and now being used to entertaining the élite, we were able to get a good deal of amusement out of the awful discomfiture of the staff when they realised that at least on that day they must rise from their inimitable slackness and have accomplished by one o'clock every bit of work which they gloried in shirking. My husband insisted that every single door in the hospital was to be wide open and every man standing at his post. He strode up and down and in and out of the hospital, striking terror into the hearts of polishers who had not polished, washers who had not washed, weeders who had not weeded, and sweepers who had not swept! *Ai ya!* then did they find that the word of my husband was law, and more brows were wet with honest sweat that morning than for many a long day!

One poor man, desperately endeavouring to concentrate the cleaning of a week into that one morning, was finally caught by the Governor and my husband still in mid air with his legs dangling ignominiously. As the earthquake (of December 1920) supplied material for many sermons on "the last day," so did the unexpected visit of the Governor furnish material for discourses on the ten virgins and "In such an hour as ye think not—He cometh."

In due time the Governor arrived, and went all round visiting almost every corner of the hospital and inspecting the men, showing real kindly interest in all of them. From hospital he came into our house, where my husband entertained him to tea (I did not), and then escorted him to the

hospital gate, where his bodyguard was awaiting him, and soon he was gone. The whole hospital was delighted at the honour shown us, and of course I and the children enjoyed the uniforms and clanking swords of His Excellency and his aides-de-camp from the window.

The next excitement was the reception by the Christian Church of Sian of General Feng. His hosts and hostesses were the representative members of the Swedish C.I.M., the English Baptists, the Chinese Independent Church, and the Chinese Episcopal Church. As General Feng's headquarters and his camp were in the West Suburb, the reception was held in the crowded church of the C.I.M., not far from the West Gate. Mr. Shorrock was the master of ceremonies, and representatives, Chinese and English, of the four missions took part. Considering that it was a Chinese gathering, it was the most perfectly orderly meeting you could have imagined, and from first to last went with a magnificent swing. The Governor did not come, although General Feng had requested that he might be invited, being loath to receive too much honour himself.

However, he sent his chief of staff, an enthusiastic young Christian man, who has been appointed to his army from General Feng's that he may "convert it." A hush fell over the audience when we heard that the celebrities were coming, and, after being welcomed by a number of missionaries and Chinese outside, General Feng, magnificent and calm, head and shoulders above his people, came in followed by—oh, dear people, can you believe it ?—his staff, five military men in full uniform, with sweet Christian faces and many with Bibles under their arms !

Several forms had been left vacant at the front of the church, on which we presumed General Feng's bodyguard was to sit, but picture our amazed delight when we found that the General had brought his own army choir with him. At a word from Mr. Shorrock a keen, alert young non-commissioned officer sprang to his feet, bowed to the platform, turned to his choir, rapidly sang a tonic sol-fa scale, and beat time with his clenched fist. As one man the choir sprang to its feet, and in three parts, perfectly harmonised

and in perfect time and tone, sang to us the songs of Zion! Every face of those thirty young fellows was keen, alive and engrossed; they sang with the hallowed zeal of the Keswick platform, and rose, followed their conductor, and sat again with the military precision of the Guards. To every one of us missionaries it was a most touching and overwhelming sight and sound. I personally had a huge lump in my throat and *had* to mop some tears away, and we looked at each other with dim eyes. It seemed incredible that these clean, neat, spick-and-span Christian young men were Chinese soldiers, for our thoughts flew back to the degraded, disreputable, shuffling mob, with ragged hats tied on with string, and useless wooden swords, who used to scurry through the streets of China behind some high official's chair in our early days here.

The welcome speeches of the representatives of the Churches were fortunately short and to the point, the singing inspiring, and when General Feng rose to speak, towering above us all on the platform, he was listened to with breathless interest, and sat down amid ringing applause. His speech was excellent, consisting principally of his reasons for being a Christian, and a description of China's destitute condition due to being "without GOD." The service was closed by another beautiful hymn from the choir and the Benediction, and then General Feng and his staff left the platform and were escorted to the beautiful old garden of the C.I.M. home of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

We had all sent our contributions of cake in advance, and beneath the glorious old, shady, spreading trees of the garden a charming group of tea-tables was laid, where the staff was waited upon and entertained by missionaries and Chinese Christians, while General Feng in glorious state on the verandah sat among the élite. The ladies had tea indoors, and then we were all introduced to General Feng. In the meantime the 400 or 500 Christians were being treated to tea and cake in a large tent and in the chapel precincts.

After about half an hour's sociability General Feng rose to his feet, and instantly there was the clanking of

swords and his staff was at his side. After a few gracious and courtly expressions of thanks he shook hands with the men folk and left. The whole occasion was a brilliant success, and we all felt that his coming had been a sweet means of bringing us all together and realising that we were " one in CHRIST."

CHAPTER VIII

AS CHRISTIAN GOVERNOR

It was no sinecure to which the new Governor was appointed. The rebel ex-Governor Ch'en, who had fled, had left behind a heritage of evil. He had mortgaged the taxes of the province for years ahead, and thus bequeathed an almost impossible task to his successor. And unhappily the new Governor Yen was unequal to his task, so that tragedy followed swiftly upon his entry into office.

His first act was to seize and execute a notorious bandit named Kwo Chien, the daring leader of several thousand men. According to a common Chinese custom he was invited to a feast, and then shot at the close of the meal by the Governor's orders. But after a brief rule of only seven weeks, under the depression of a depleted exchequer and other insoluble problems, he committed suicide by swallowing opium. In vain was Dr. B. C. Broomhall summoned to the Yamen ; it was too late to save his life.

Two days later General Feng commanded the leading Christians of the city to give the ex-Governor decent burial. He stated that the late Governor Yen had been interested in Christianity and had wished to do right, but, appalled by the greatness of the task and feeling unequal to it, he had resolved to make way for some one else. A

somewhat strange service followed, it being a combination of Christian forms in a heathen setting, and was probably the first time a Christian burial service had been held in a Governor's Yamen.

This sudden and unexpected decease left General Feng as Acting Military Governor. With no money wherewith to pay his troops, and with a coalition north of the river against him, he was not unnaturally burdened. But he was a man who believed in GOD, as well as a man of resolution. The missionaries, too, gave themselves to prayer that he might be appointed to the post and thus bring peace to the long-distracted province.

In September 1921 the longed-for telegram from Peking came announcing his appointment, and thus General Feng became the first Christian Governor in China. His first act was characteristic. Immediately he moved with his men, in spite of rain, to live under canvas, stating that other Governors and their men had so frequently been demoralised by promotion and ease that he was resolved not to live in the luxury of the Yamen. He was resolved that his men should realise they were on active service still.

Subsequently he built some humble dwellings in the Manchu city, which was then a wreck, for his official use. His next step was to close all houses of disorder in the city, although these places of ill-repute had been a fruitful source of revenue previously to the police. He also arranged for a fortnight's mission with the assistance of the missionaries and Chinese pastors, in order that all his men might hear the Gospel. During this mission he invited the Civil Governor, the leading officials and gentry of the city to attend one of the services, after which he requested them to join him at a meal. Instead of the usual feast which they would expect he placed before them simple fare, saying, "Gentlemen, this is all we have."

There is something of the Spartan about the General, and he has his own ways of imparting lessons to those of a softer mould. Many a good story is told of the way in which he will rebuke those who indulge in finery. He will say nothing, but stand to attention. Upon one occasion one of his colonels had the temerity to remonstrate with him for saluting him. "I did not salute you," replied the General, "I saluted your shoes!"

It is also related that upon another occasion, when the city officials called upon him dressed in their best silks and satins, he apologised for having such humble quarters. His chairs were so poor he could not ask them to sit down upon them! The chairs, of course, were good and clean enough, but his visitors took the hint and came next time in plain cotton.

Upon another occasion, when he was caught by a member of the staff mopping the floor, he was told that that was beneath his dignity, and Confucius was quoted to prove it. "But what does CHRIST say?" he replied. "Find me a text in the New Testament on the subject." The only one they could find was, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." This, of course, closed the discussion.

He even dares to give his humour vent when dealing with his superiors. Recently, in the celebration of General Wu Pei-fu's birthday, General Feng sent him a large wine-jar full of distilled water, with a homily urging General Wu to inaugurate a temperance campaign among his soldiers. The *North China Herald*, commenting on this incident, remarked: "We are sure the gift reflects equal honour on the giver and the recipient. General Feng is an uncommon man, but if he were not sure that his friend would accept his present in the spirit in which he sent it, we may be sure he would have proffered something more conventional; for it is

ill jesting with a man who has fifty thousand armed men at his back."

It was of course only natural that such a man should have many and powerful enemies, and there were some who, like Daniel's foes of old, sought to find occasion against him in the things concerning his GOD. They therefore gave out that General Feng purposed to make all men Christians by compulsion and persecute all other religions. To check this ill-intentioned rumour he put forth the following proclamation :

The Provisional Constitution of the Republic of China sets forth that the people of China shall be free to devote themselves to whatsoever religion their conscience dictates to them, no matter whether they follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, of Confucius, or the faiths of Buddhism or Taoism ; and there shall be nothing to compel a man to belong to any particular religion. It has been brought to my attention that a rumour prevails without my walls to the effect that I intend to exclude from Shensi all religions other than Christianity. Although I am a Christian myself, this is absolutely groundless. I have followed our LORD JESUS CHRIST for more than ten years, and it is with regret that I admit that I cannot put into effect many of the things which are in accord with the truth of that religion. How then could I exclude other religions ? Although a great part of the officers and soldiers of my division have received baptism after understanding the truth of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, still there are also a large number in the division who have not been baptised. But these officers and soldiers who are Christians are moreover imbued with the spirit of patriotism, and I, in company with them, will always treat those who are not Christians without difference or distinction. I trust that the public will not give credence to this rumour, but will unite with me in helping to restore the welfare of the province of Shensi.

In this proclamation General Feng speaks of

patriotism, and it should perhaps be recorded that his own patriotism is in danger at times of becoming anti-foreign. Though he so gladly welcomes the help of missionaries in the spread of the Gospel, he is not ignorant of what China has suffered at the hands of foreigners. Probably he is more moved by the humiliations China has endured at the hands of Japan than at the hands of other nations, and this anti-Japanese feeling has made him somewhat suspicious of Britain, for so long Japan's ally.

At Sian he opened, or permitted to be opened, a "Love your country" recreation ground with swings and gymnasium, etc. On two sides of these grounds were placarded pictures depicting foreign soldiers, labelled Japan, England, and France, bayoneting Chinese. It was not until after the General had left the city that these were observed by the foreigners residing in Sian, and they were removed upon representations being made to the local Chinese Foreign Office. This seems to be out of harmony with the General's attitude toward missionaries, and the fact is only recorded lest we should seem to depict the General other than he really is. But no one can recall how much China has suffered at the hands of foreign nations, how she has been exploited and lost territory to Japan, Britain, Germany, and Russia, etc., without feeling that there is much to excuse the General in feeling somewhat anti-foreign in his patriotism.

But as suddenly as General Feng was called to Shensi, just as suddenly was he called away. What the people in Shensi felt at losing this righteous Governor is best revealed by the following quotation from a letter from one of the residents in the province :

> I have shared Sian's experiences with nearly every pestilence known, but of all her calamities I think she suffered the greatest a month ago, on the morning that General Feng passed through her eastern gate on his way

to the eastern front. "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and, one might add, the scarcest commodity in China. Hence, when this great, strong, honest patriot passed across the borders and out of Shensi, she suffered an irreparable loss.

True, you will find those, and they are not a few, whose profession is steeped in corruption, who rejoice at the going of their greatest and best Governor, but I have yet to hear from the lips of any son of the people—and I am in immediate touch with them every day—an unkind word of criticism uttered against General Feng since his departure from Shensi.

Indeed, I should like to suggest to the president of the anti-religious federation a visit to Shensi, to hear from the lips of the common people what is their opinion concerning the Christian army which they learnt to love during the few months of their stay in Shensi, and the armies which preceded and succeeded them. If he could do anything so wise, and should he have the good fortune to get through the hordes of human obstacles which here and there infest the road thither, to reach Sian and make inquiry where the truth is likely to be learnt, I am sure it would be of infinite value to him personally, and save him the guilt of leading many others along his path of folly and misfortune.

To-day the need of Shensi, greater than the rain for which all classes pray, is a strong, honest patriot who shall give himself for the people's good.

CHAPTER IX

A CALL TO BATTLE

THE sudden summons which came to General Feng in the spring of 1922 was a call to some of the sternest fighting he had known. It was also to bring him into the very centre of China's great political struggle. Two of that country's war-lords, General Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria, an ex-bandit suspected of being in league with Japan, and General Wu Pei-fu, an ardent patriot and General Feng's chief, had for long been preparing for a trial of strength. When at length General Chang Tso-lin moved down towards Peking and threatened the Republic, General Wu Pei-fu immediately summoned General Feng to come with all haste to his aid.

This call involved a forced march of about one hundred and fifty miles on foot to the railhead, and then rapid entraining to the seat of action. Ever ready, the army was in motion at once, and yet the General could still find time to exhort his men ere they entered into battle. A prominent Y.M.C.A. worker travelling towards Shensi met General Feng and his troops on their forced march into Honan, and strange to relate he came upon the General preaching to his men. It is certainly no ordinary Christianity which will move a General to give time and place to worship when on forced marches. And this was not done at the expense of a rapid response to

duty, for General Wu, his chief, later gave him unstinted praise for this march and the brilliant action of the Christian Brigade under General Li, one of General Feng's keenest officers, which turned the right wing of the Manchurian war-lord's army and materially helped to win the battle.

This brigade came upon the scene near Peking at a time when General Wu was hard pressed, and was in fact losing ground ; but General Li, after prayer with his officers, pressed his flank attack with great vigour, his soldiers singing, as they entered into battle, " Onward, Christian soldiers." And GOD gave them the victory.

But a more terrible ordeal awaited some of General Feng's men in Honan, where the Governor Chao Ti, while professing friendship, made a treacherous attack upon a small detachment guarding the railway junction at Chengchow. This junction is one of strategic importance, for here the Peking-Hankow trunk line from north to south intersects the main line from west to east, running through Kaifeng, the capital of the province. Governor Chao Ti, in league with his brother, General Chao San, though avowing goodwill, was planning a *coup* which would not only place this junction in his hands, and thus control both trunk lines, but would capture General Feng as well. This tragedy was only averted by a seeming accident.

On the streets of the city General Feng happened to observe an unusual number of the better class women and their families making for the railway station. His suspicions were immediately aroused, and he discovered, when almost too late, that some twenty thousand of the enemy were marching on the junction. The advance guard was indeed only twelve miles away.

It was a time of the greatest peril, for all available troops had been sent towards Peking. Only some two hundred and eighty men were available. These General

Feng placed under his most trusted Christian officer, General Chang, telling him at all costs to hold the line, while urgent messages were sent out for reinforcements. General Chang and his men, with the motto " For GOD and Country " pinned to their breasts, took up a fine position among some sand dunes, prepared if necessary to die to the last man. Here for hours they stemmed the ever-increasing tide of the enemy, until gradually by hundreds and then by thousands reinforcements appeared. But few of that gallant band lived to tell the tale. It was an awful day, when not a man could be spared to fetch either food or water, but the villagers, quick to discern friend from foe, crept up at the risk of life with such supplies as they could command.

But the danger was not quickly over. For two days, with all the reinforcements which could be rushed to the front, there were only two thousand men to hold the line against twenty thousand of the enemy. It was not until the fourth day that General Feng was able to bring up sufficient reserves to overwhelm his adversary.

The days which followed were days of sorrow, as days after battle must ever be. Thousands of wounded and dying soldiers were upon the battle-field and urgently needed attention, while many thousands more of the defeated and disbanded troops fled to loot and ravage the countryside. The nearest hospital was the one belonging to the China Inland Mission at Kaifeng, which at once became the base hospital for the wounded of both sides. When every available corner was occupied, and the ladies, Dr. Jessie Macdonald and Nurse Soltau, etc., had vacated their own house to afford increased accommodation, the provision was wholly inadequate.

Urgent telegrams were sent by the General to the medical colleges at Peking and Tsinan for more doctors, for Red Cross units, and X-ray apparatus. Nothing that the General could do for his men was too much.

Though overwhelmed with pressing business he would come daily to the hospital and stand outside the operating theatre watching the doctors caring for his men, and time and again he was heard to murmur with deep feeling, "They are saving my boys."

His gratitude to the Mission was unbounded, and when he learned that the hospital had no X-ray apparatus of its own, he provided for this lack at a cost of $7000 Mexican, and Dr. Jessie Macdonald was offered a fellowship at the Peking Medical College for a course in Röntgenology to qualify her to administer the plant. When his care and solicitude for his men was seen, men ceased to wonder why his men loved him so and why they were willing to die for him.

CHAPTER X

ENLARGED RESPONSIBILITIES

It was not long ere a Presidential mandate arrived appointing General Feng Governor of Honan, one of the strategic provinces of that country. It was a heavy responsibility, but he accepted it as from God. Within a few days his soldiers were busy plastering and white-washing the massive walls of the city gates, and painting upon these plaques of white, texts from Scripture and moral maxims from the Chinese classics. Coloured pictures and sententious exhortations setting forth the evils of gambling, drinking, and opium smoking were pasted up at every point of vantage so that wherever one looked, little groups of men would be seen studying these wise counsels. His regular programme of evangelism and social reform was also set on foot, and the city cleared of its former centres of temptation.

Enthusiastic welcomes from the people of the city and from the foreign community were accorded the General, who lost no opportunity of bearing witness to his Master. One of his first public acts was to go on Sunday to the cathedral of the Canadian Episcopal Church, situated in the heart of the city, where the different missions held a joint service of welcome and thanksgiving. At this service, taking for his text the words of James iv. 17, "To him that knoweth to do

good and doeth it not, to him it is sin," he told first of his conversion, and then of what GOD expected of those who knew Him. As it was a doctor's duty to relieve his patient, so it was the soldier's duty to serve the people. There were many who despised the name "Christian" who yet admired the lives of those who were truly Christians, and many who could not read any book, much less the Bible, were reading the lives of CHRIST'S followers. He therefore exhorted all Christians to live such lives as would be instrumental in saving China.

A more public welcome was also given in the assembly rooms of the city Y.M.C.A., when representatives of the city and of the small foreign community were present. Although he possessed a motor-car for official purposes he rarely used it, preferring to go on foot or on his cycle. On this occasion, contrary to all official precedent in China, he came on his bicycle attended by half a dozen attendants also riding cycles, with another dozen on foot. To those accustomed to all the pomp and display of the old-time official, the contrast could not but be striking. Here were no special guards, no streets lined with soldiers, no police with whistles clearing the way, no horsemen, but a quiet and unpretentious company.

It was evident from the addresses of welcome read to him as Governor that the whole-hearted assurances of co-operation were sincere and unreserved.

In response the General said he could not do better than tell them why he had come from Shensi. It was not to lord it over them in Honan, but solely to withstand, as a representative of the people, the attempt of Generals Chang Tso-lin and Chang Hsün to overthrow the Republic, and restore the days of the *kowtow*. In his references to these two worthies, or unworthies, he put little restraint upon his speech, calling them "the corrupt

gang," "heads of the horse thieves." They were as house cats which, instead of destroying the rats, robbed the family larder, or as watch dogs which bit their master's heels. He spoke in contempt of the way in which his predecessor had proved a traitor, sending messages of goodwill and asking for an armistice when he was offering his men vast sums if they would destroy him—General Feng. He had therefore come to clear out the traitors, not to bully and frighten the people of the province, but rather to serve them. His soldiers were not thieves and bandits, but would protect the people in return for food and clothing.

He was glad to confess in that mixed company that he was a Christian, and as most of them knew what the duties of a Christian were, he would only assure them that it would ever be his aim to do his duty as a Christian should. He thanked those who had spoken the words of welcome, and would be glad if he could rely upon their active help in making the best of the opportunity which had now come of making the lot of the people happier.

In keeping with his promises he immediately set about his task. Though actively engaged in the pursuit of the fleeing enemy he gave orders for the cleansing of the city, and allocated a considerable sum of money for the relief of the beggars and destitute. Being no friend to indiscriminate charity, a temple within the west gate was made a home for these needy, and those who could work were put to some useful labour, while the old and infirm were otherwise provided for.

One of the most pressing reforms was to stabilise the currency, for the maladministration of his predecessor had resulted in all cash notes being at a discount of over sixty per cent. With a strong hand he dealt with this financial problem, vowing vengeance on all peculators if they could be caught. Such action

naturally won for him the thanks and admiration of the business community.

All through that spring a serious drought had prevailed, until the crops were threatened. He therefore appointed three days for fasting and prayer that rain might be given. All the missions in the city were asked to make special prayer for rain in their churches on Sunday and Monday, June 25th and 26th, and a great mass meeting for the same purpose was arranged for Tuesday on the parade ground, commencing at six in the morning. On this occasion some ten thousand soldiers were present, besides the missionary body and the Chinese Christians.

One of the officers led the service, while the General himself led in the closing prayer. His voice, soft in ordinary conversation, is said to " change to that of a rushing gale " when necessary. In melodious and yet mighty tones he prayed that if GOD were withholding His mercy because of sin, He would let the punishment fall on him and not upon the poor ignorant people. Tears streamed down his face as he pleaded with the ALMIGHTY, and his prayer was heard. In exactly two hours afterwards there fell a refreshing shower, the earnest of more to follow two days later.

General Feng is a believer in prayer. In a letter to the Rev. T. Gear Willett and the members of the C.I.M. Prayer Union he wrote from Kaifeng :

" It was a great pleasure to hear that you are constantly praying for us. We are ever so grateful to you for your great kindness. I think, not only we Christian officers and soldiers in our division should be very thankful to you friends in England, but also all China should be the same."

Then after referring to what missions are doing in China, and to what he personally owes to missions, he continues : " The wonderful work of the missionaries is the result of the earnest prayers of Christians at home ;

and what we Christian troops have done also is partly a result of the prayers of yours and others. Thank you again for your great help. May GOD be with you always."

On Sunday, the 1st of October, Dr. Goforth and others, at the invitation of the General, began a series of meetings for the soldiers, which it was purposed should last for two months. To serve the General is, in one way, no easy task. He rises himself at four o'clock every morning, and one missionary was summoned as early as 5 A.M. to conduct services. Every Sunday fourteen different services were conducted for the men. In the evenings there were also gatherings for the officers, at one of these there being three generals (besides General Feng) and thirteen colonels. During this mission baptismal services for the soldiers and policemen were held, many days being spent in examining those who were candidates for this rite.

Conditions had been so bad in the province that the General, with his famous division as a nucleus, called for fresh volunteers and formed a well-disciplined army of twenty thousand men. The new recruits were invited to Bible classes and taught to sing Christian hymns. Although no pressure was brought to bear upon them to become Christians, many of them, responding to the influence and discipline of such army conditions, were brought to an intelligent and believing knowledge of the truth.

On October 10th, 1922, the anniversary of the inauguration of the Republic, the Governor invited the missionaries, chief scholars, and business men, as well as all the schools, to a review of the troops at 6.30 in the morning. Some twenty thousand men were drawn up around three sides of the parade ground. After a march past, General Chang explained the purpose of the anniversary celebrations, General Lu led the vast

company in prayer, and then General Feng ascended the platform, and in a speech befitting the occasion owned and honoured the GOD who alone could bless his country. With tears flowing down his cheeks and at times trembling with emotion, he pleaded with his men and people to forsake sin and accept in CHRIST a righteousness pleasing to GOD.

His words were easily heard by all present, and the impression on the thousands of students who were present must have been great. This commemorative ceremony closed with the singing of the hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers."

CHAPTER XI

INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE FORCES

AMONG the ambitions of the Apostle Paul was the desire to preach the Gospel "in Rome also." Though General Feng would have preferred to remain as Governor of Honan, in the providence of GOD he was to be transferred to Peking, the Rome of the East, there to witness for his Lord and Master. Though he did not go as a prisoner, like the Apostle, this apparent preferment was in reality something of a discipline.

He had barely been six months in Honan before it became evident that things were not going well. There is some obscurity connected with General Feng's removal from Honan, but a resident at Kaifeng, the capital of the province, has declared that it was because he refused to overtax the people to raise funds for his chief. Certain it is that he was distressed by the course of events, for with a sad countenance he confided to his friend, Dr. Goforth, that if his army were taken from him he purposed devoting himself solely to the preaching of the Gospel.

When the news of his removal reached the people they earnestly petitioned Peking that he might be permitted to remain. This appeal, however, was refused, and by the middle of November 1922 the General and his army had left to make way for his successor, who

entered the city with all the old and accustomed pomp and ceremony. " We have been literally broken-hearted in the going of the Eleventh Division," wrote a resident in the city. . . . " The contrast now is painful. The red-light district is filled up again. The pictures and Christian mottoes on the walls have been scraped down. The police are getting as indifferent to their duty as they were formerly. Beggars in rags, who for years have been familiar friends along the street, have returned to their old bases."

Spartan as General Feng is, he left in a box car in which a few benches and beds had been placed, while his successor arrived by special train. How General Feng and his men had in a brief few months endeared themselves to the people of Honan is evident by the following testimony of one who was resident in Kaifeng : " Last Tuesday we had all three of the brigadier-generals of General Feng's army to lunch, together with his Chief of Staff. They are wonderful fellows. After we had finished eating, I took the occasion to wish them God-speed, and General Chang rose and asked that we be led in prayer. I doubt very seriously if in any army of the world you could get three brigadier-generals and a Chief of Staff who were off their dignity, yet so soldierly, who talked so seriously yet in such friendly fashion, and who asked for a period of prayer at the close of a meal."

The post to which General Feng had gone was that of Inspector-General to the Forces in Peking, but it was feared by some that he was being sent to an impossible position. As Governor of Honan he could raise funds to pay his men, but in Peking he would have no provincial resources to draw upon. Already his men had not been paid for months ; in fact it was stated in *The Times* after his arrival in Peking that his men had not been paid for a year, and yet the discipline was so good that no irregularities were manifest. The spirit in which

General Feng and his men faced these new and trying conditions is made clear by the words of Dr. Stanley Jones, who was in Kaifeng with Dr. Sherwood Eddy holding meetings shortly before the army left. "No evangelists," he wrote, "ever went to their task with more uplifted souls than these men left for Peking to witness for CHRIST."

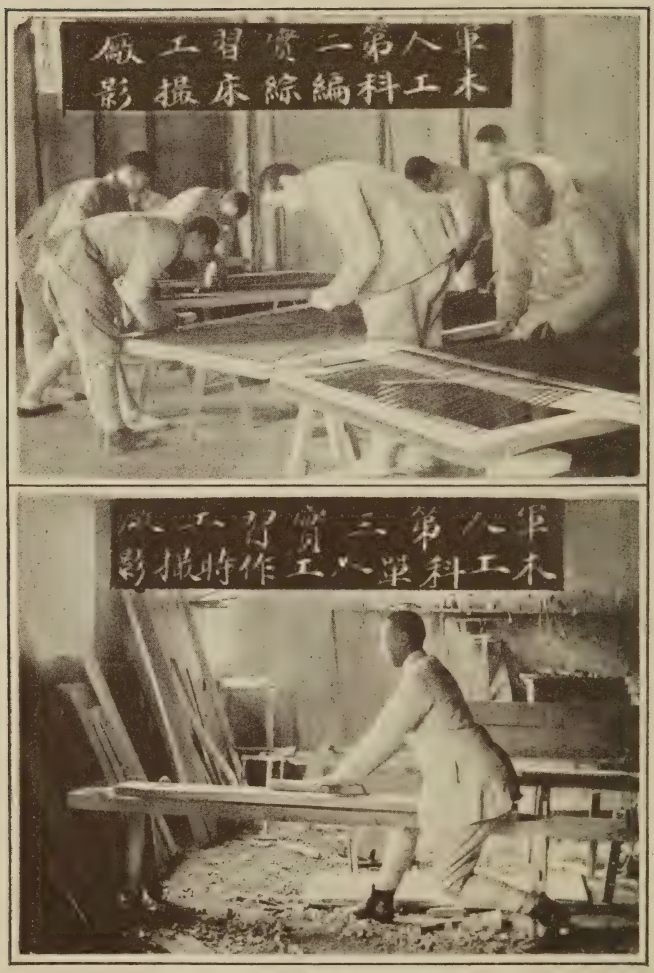
In Peking General Feng had the paltry sum of $50,000 a month allowed to him for his 30,000 men, for his army had been enlarged with the transfer. So hard pressed indeed was the General that it was an open secret that meat seldom figured in the men's rations, yet in an undaunted way he took his stand as a Christian man and publicly witnessed to CHRIST. Of his 30,000 men the larger portion was stationed at Nanyuan, with smaller groups at Tungchow and Peking. He immediately placed himself in friendly relations with the various missions, as well as the students and graduates of the Peking University. One Christian minister, an alumnus of the Peking University, was asked to conduct meetings for high officials, and it became a new sight in China to see motor-cars belonging to such public men crowded around the entrance to the humble home of a Chinese pastor.

He also asked Dr. Liu and Dr. G. L. Davis to organise an evangelistic campaign at his various camps, with fourteen Peking University students to assist. And although the General would not allow his men to be baptised until they could repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed and secure a testimony from their officers that they were living a clean moral life, no fewer than 4000 men were baptised at Nanyuan, and another 500 at Tungchow. As an illustration of the care exercised, it may be mentioned that in Honan out of 1510 who asked on one occasion for baptism only 346 were received.

Much more could be written of his Christian activities at and around Peking, but enough has been said to reveal his zeal in that direction. And not less zealous was he that his works shall be equal to his faith. Some extracts from an article which appeared in the *Peking and Tientsin Times* from a visitor to his camp will be perhaps the best way of giving the reader a graphic view of the discipline of this remarkable army then located at China's capital. Describing the troops on parade he writes :

As is usual with well-trained Chinese troops, these (movements) were very creditably carried out, the handling of the arms, dressings and marchings being extremely smart and soldier-like. The men were very evenly matched as regards height, averaging some 5 ft. 6 in. or 5 ft. 7 in., well-set-up, and sturdy. I saw no immature boys in the ranks—a common phenomenon in the average Chinese division. They were clad in the universal Chinese blue-grey uniform, carried a rolled greatcoat over the right shoulder, water-bottle, entrenching spade, bayonet and frog, and two linen bandoliers containing 75 rounds of ammunition each. Footgear consisted of light canvas boots with leathern soles.

Following the dismissal of the parade, we were invited to inspect some of the barrack-rooms. Those that we saw were clean, but lacking in all but absolute necessaries. Each room was occupied by a *p'eng*, *i.e.*, a section, which consists of a sergeant, a corporal, and twelve privates. The rooms were large and could easily have accommodated double the number. Of furniture there was none ; the whole section slept together on a raised brick platform, covered with straw and a clean white sheet. There were no blankets, the men making use of their greatcoats, etc. Straw pillows were provided, and each man had a piece of calico in which to wrap his simple belongings. Beyond this the brick floored rooms were innocent of any adornment if the mural decorations are excepted. These were sufficiently interesting to merit a few words. Every room



MARSHAL FENG'S MEN ENGAGED IN WOOD HANDICRAFTS.

From official Army photographs.

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had a map of China as she was some one hundred years ago, and before her territory had been encroached on by foreign nations. Those portions of the Empire which had been lost, *e.g.*, Korea, Formosa, French Indo-China, etc., were coloured a vivid crimson. In addition there were numerous coloured prints representing Biblical subjects; others consisted of pictures exhorting the men as to the manner of their lives. Thrift was a favourite subject, and exhortations to " Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can," and that " Thrift makes for happiness " were everywhere to be seen.

Attached to the barrack-rooms were class-rooms where ordinary and military subjects are taught. General Feng insists that every soldier should be able to read his own language, and in the class-rooms which I saw, men were being taught to recognise everyday Chinese characters.

Cook-houses were attached to the barrack-rooms, each kitchen cooking for a *lien* or company of 125 men. The cook-houses, while extremely primitive, were, like all the buildings I saw, kept extremely clean. The food provided is as simple as it well can be, consisting of rice, millet, and cabbage or other vegetable. Meat is rarely on the menu owing to shortage of funds. . . .

We were next invited to visit the " factories," or workshops, and this proved to be the most interesting event in the day's programme. . . . The scheme is that, as far as possible, each *ying* (battalion) shall be taught a separate craft; thus there is a battalion of boot-makers, a battalion of weavers, and so on. In the workshops we visited I saw men being trained as carpenters, weavers, tailors, boot and shoe makers, and wool carders, and there are other shops where men are taught to be blacksmiths, farriers, etc. . . .

The system is in every way a most excellent one. It keeps the men interested and employed and teaches them to become skilled workmen. All the men (some hundreds) I saw at work were contented and happy-looking, and appeared to take the greatest interest in their work.

Following our visit to the workshops, we were given a gymnastic display. The gymnasts, to the number of some

200 to 250, were all officers, for it is the rule that all officers of the rank of colonel and under shall take part in gymnastics. Owing to the cold weather the display was only a short one, but we saw some excellent work on the horizontal bar, horse, and parallel bars as well as pole-jumping, etc.

The last item on the programme was a visit to the female schools, and here we saw what must be an extremely rare sight in China, viz., officers' wives and daughters being taught to read and write their own language.

General Feng is a devout Christian. I had a most interesting talk with one of the six native "pastors" attached to the troops at Nanyuan. According to this gentleman, all of General Feng's officers are Christians and some 50 per cent of the men. The religions which they profess are Church of England, Methodist, and Presbyterian; there are no Roman Catholics. It was an unusual experience to hear some of our well-known hymn tunes, such as "Hark, the herald angels sing," "Onward, Christian soldiers," etc., sung by Chinese soldiers, not for our edification, but by men in barrack-rooms which we happened to be passing. The officers of General Feng's staff also indulged in a hymn before sitting down to the luncheon which they had provided in our honour.

In a leading article in the same paper the editor says that General Feng's troops were the only men of whom the Chinese railway staff had a good word to say. No trouble was experienced during their transportation, the men remaining patiently in the cars singing hymns while their trains were held up at Tientsin. Further, not a single instance was reported of any officer or man using violence or making threats to any member of the railway administration.

What the future of General Feng and his army may be no one can foretell. As the *Peking and Tientsin Times* says: "Since he left Honan, after some misunderstanding with General Wu Pei-fu, it has never been quite clear as to how he would use his forces in the event of a crisis in

North China. . . . If ever a government worthy of the name does arise in Peking or elsewhere in China, General Feng's army may prove a decisive factor, for no government in China can hope to succeed without powerful military backing, and General Feng, alone among the militarists of China to-day, appears to have no axe to grind, and no ambitions but the service of the State."

CHAPTER XII

THE MAN HIMSELF AND HIS VIEWS

THE editor of *The Chinese Recorder* in his June issue has given an interesting account of the impression made upon him during a recent interview he had with the General in Peking. Some few extracts from this appreciation will help us see the man himself and will reveal his views on some important subjects.

"Somehow General Feng did not strike us as a militarist," writes Dr. Rawlinson. "His voice was soft. We were told, however, that when stirred, its soft breeze-like character could change to that of a rushing gale. His tall stature reminded us of Saul, his ruddy countenance of David, the roundness of his head, of one of Cromwell's roundheads. In all he impressed us with a sense of restraint and ready energy. His eyes, which are bright and clear, look straight at you, making you feel that he can go direct to a point or to a goal. He showed himself an animated conversationalist also. Each remark he made was punctuated with quiet but easy and eloquent gestures. He thinks with the muscles as well as with the cortex of his brain. He is gentle with the gentleness of conscious strength in repose and facing responsibility. His speech was at times somewhat terse. His manner indicated deep conviction, and generous interest in our questions. His sentences were

frequently staccato in style; one was impressed with the recurrence of short strings of expressions of four words. His bearing throughout was that of a real Christian gentleman."

Dr. Rawlinson availed himself of this opportunity to ask a number of somewhat searching questions, a few of which, with their answers, must be quoted as revealing the General's mind.

"What does China most need?" asked the doctor.

Without hesitation the General replied: "We need more Western civilisation in the form of railroads, telegraphs, and other improvements. Such things are of great value; but China's greatest need is for JESUS CHRIST."

The next question was, "What can the Church do to help China during the present crisis?"

Again without hesitation the answer came: "Preach the Gospel more assiduously, for each added Christian means a decrease in the forces of evil. All national greatness is really due to the presence of the spirit of GOD."

Desiring further light on the problem of applied Christianity, the doctor's next question was: "What social problems in China can the Christian Church deal with?"

The General paused, then asked for a more detailed inquiry, after which he spoke freely thus: "For the poor, open refuges for both children and old people, and in these refuges teach industry such as the making of clothes and furniture." On the question of social evils he spoke at greater length, not approving so much of government action, which the unchristian state of the country would render null and void, but rather the opening of more "Doors of Hope." He urged agitation against the opium evil, and on child labour said:

"Child labour is not fitting in the West, but in China

it is necessary and hence fitting, for in China children either have to work or become beggars. . . . For instance, boys are employed in my army as servants. It prevents them becoming immoral through idleness." It should, however, be added that the lads he employs receive a certain amount of education.

When asked, "What do you consider the chief hindrance to the growth of the Church in China?" the General replied: "One difficulty is Confucianism. This is deep-rooted, while Christianity is new. Christianity cannot therefore easily supplant Confucianism. Another difficulty is the preachers. In the first place they lack scholarship. Take the Jesuits, for instance. In former times they won great influence at Court because of their proficiency in Chinese scholarship. They were able to use the Chinese language well. They also knew and used the classics. Or again, take the Buddhists. They gained great influence. Why? Because they put their teaching into a Chinese style as good as any in the country. Again preachers are altogether too few. This is a very serious lack."

At the close of this interesting conversation, during which the General had been reclining on a couch in consequence of a recent operation, the General insisted on rising and accompanying his guest to the door in true courteous Chinese fashion.

CHAPTER XIII

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY AND AN APPEAL

THE next best thing to seeing a man is to see his photograph, and the next best thing to hearing him is to read his words. Those who can see General Feng and those who can hear him are few, but happily we have his portrait, and fortunately we possess the report of at least one of his recent speeches. A few months ago he was asked to address the students of the Language School in Peking, which he did in his native tongue. That we may hear him bear his own testimony to the needs of his country, and to the grace of GOD in his own life, and that we may listen to his own appeal for the troops he so much loves, we quote the major portion of the address from a translation made by Dr. George L. Davis:

I have been asked to speak this morning to the students of the Language School, but I had no idea that the teachers of the Chihli-Shansi Educational Association would be present also, so I am indeed terrified to meet such a prominent group of educators, and am at a loss to know what to say that will be for your benefit and instruction. However, in the sight of GOD we are all His children, and because of our common relationship to the Heavenly Father, I make bold to speak to you.

Once before in Peking I have remarked that one cannot

speak three words without mentioning his own profession, so this morning I must speak to you of the soldiers. The conditions in this country are deplorable. You ask who is to protect you. Many of the foreigners here will say at once, we are protected by the ministers and soldiers on Legation Street. But, my friends, suppose you should go outside of the city, or down to the province of Honan, and should meet a robber, who would then protect you ? The soldiers are given guns to protect the people, but when they use these guns against the people, the situation is one to be deplored. Who can protect the poor Chinese ? Take the situation among the military. Early in the morning they get up swearing ; later in the morning they are talking bad language, and they fill the night with evil deeds. . . .

I have been striving very hard to teach my soldiers that they are servants of the people, and that they have not been given their arms to terrify the common folk. You have all seen what happens on the street if the average soldier is riding a bicycle and a ricksha runs into him. He gives both the ricksha man and the person who is riding in the ricksha a beating, and gets as much money from them as he can. But my soldiers have been imbued with the idea that if they have an accident on the street they are to get up, dust themselves off, and go quietly on their way, and that makes a wonderful impression on the people.

A short time ago one of my soldiers was wandering along the street of a village, and a dirty little shop boy came to the door of the shop, and without seeing who was going by, threw out a whole basin of dirty water, and the soldier got a great part on his clothes. You know what would have happened in the average case. The soldier would have beaten the boy and blackmailed the shop for a considerable sum of money ; but this soldier simply brushed the water off and went on his way. These are some of the things that show the troops are beginning to learn something about Christianity. . . .

Some people will say, " Here is Feng Yü-hsiang boasting again when he has the doors closed ! What he has done has been to bring 20,000 poor ignorant country people into

MARSHAL FENG'S MEN ENGAGED IN DRILLING AND VARNISHING.

From official Army photographs.

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his army and then pour some water on their heads and call them Christians." But the fact is that in the army we have been extremely careful to instruct the soldiers most patiently before allowing them to become Christians, and have removed all pressure from them and allowed them to be perfectly free in making their own decisions. Now they rise in the morning and sing a national air, then when they have come back from drill and are ready for breakfast they always sing a grace. At twelve o'clock noon all work stops and every soldier is asked to stand with uncovered head and pray for his country. They may say what they please, but we have suggested that they may pray as follows: "O GOD, have mercy upon the men in authority in China and help them to use their authority rightly."

A great many Chinese say, "Don't feed your soldiers properly; keep them hungry, and keep them busy, and then life will be so miserable to them that when the time of battle comes they will be glad to die." But that is not my idea of treating soldiers. They should be properly fed and properly clothed.

In the eighth year of the Republic I had an interview with his Excellency Hsu Shih-chang, and I said to him: "Mr. President, it seems to me that you are rather complacent while you sit on a pile of dry wood that has been soaked with kerosene and only needs a match to light it." "What!" said the President, "is the danger so great as that?" "Yes," I said, "it is as great as that, and all over the country there are hundreds of thousands of soldiers who have not been paid and at any time they are likely to rebel, and your Ministry of War has found it convenient to settle the bills due the various armies by marking them paid whenever a certain body of soldiers commences to loot. The fact has been reported to us that the Ministry of War is pleased whenever an army rebels, and smilingly marks on the accounts that are due that army, 'Settled in full.'". . .

Mr. Hsü said: "Well, everything must be done according to law, and the soldiers must not be allowed to misbehave." "Yes," I said, "the President must be elected by law, and

act according to law, but what about the laws that say if the Ministry of War holds back one cent that is due to the soldiers they shall be punished by death? What about that law? If one law must be fulfilled, should not all?" The President shrugged his shoulders and said: "Well, what can be done?" I replied: "You are in a place where you dare say what can be done; you must do something."

But let us talk about some of the generals in China during the past few years. Take the case of Chang Chin-yao down in Honan. I went up rank by rank with him. I was captain when he was captain, a major when he was a major, lieutenant-colonel when he was lieutenant-colonel; and if it had not been for the love of GOD in my heart my career would have ended the same way as his, for when he was seeking for money and office, would not I have been seeking for money and office? When he was trying to get more and more concubines, would not I have been trying to do the same? Why did he say, when I was down in Honan: "I fear no battle, for I have already arranged for twelve guns"? What kind of guns were they? Opium guns, that is, opium pipes! And you see how when he had fallen into these habits there was only one end to his career, and that was miserable failure; and I say frankly, my career would have ended in the same way had it not been for the help the church of JESUS CHRIST has given to me.

When I spoke to one of these prominent generals about becoming a Christian he said: "Don't bother me with anything of that sort, for if I have money in one hand and power in the other, that is all I need." But taking courage I spoke to him again, and he said: "I have no time to study Christianity, for can you not see I am so busy now that my life is in danger?" But laying aside these rebuffs and thinking of the opportunity of winning a soul, I spoke a third time, and after discussing the matter seriously he said: "I really should think about Christianity, but there is my brother and my old mother, and they both earnestly object to my having anything to do with Christianity." The fourth time I spoke to him and said: "You should be thinking about Christianity." He replied: "I know that

my only hope and the only hope of China lies in the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and I surely intend to take time to study the doctrine and become a Christian." Friends, do you see the difference in the way in which he had met these approaches? The only way in which these people can ever be won is through personal work, and you young people in the Language School must be willing to do this personal work.

Do you think there are no difficulties in being a Christian? I remember very well when I had been down at the Methodist Mission a great many years ago and came back to preach to my own soldiers, that the officers went and told the General in charge at that time that Feng Yü-hsiang had become a "second devil," and was talking the same kind of nonsense to the soldiers as the missionaries, and no one could tell how they would be bewitched before he got through with them.

The General called me in, and I said: "True, General, I have been hearing this Gospel, and it is a very good Gospel. Will you not go with me and hear it?" The old man—he was a relative of mine—drew himself up with dignity and said: "Do you think a man of my age could be entrapped by you?"

A short time afterwards an officer came to the General and said: "Feng Yü-hsiang is going to compel his soldiers to become Christians." The old general called me in and said: "What are you doing?" I said: "I have found that this is the true way of life and the way we should all follow." Later I gave him a very fine copy of the Bible and said: "Read this and it will be of great help to you, for you are the one who sets the pattern for us, and we must be guided and led by you, for if we speak one word to you that you do not approve, and you just look at us, we are filled with fear."

Young people in the Language School, I hear a great many of you are going to be missionaries, and you will be sure to meet great difficulties; but be brave and go on and you will overcome them. Think for a moment of Dr. Goforth. Every time I see his white hair I realise that

underneath there is a terrible scar which he received years ago because of his earnestness in preaching the gospel in hostile regions. And I say to my officers: "You who eat the flesh and drink the blood of these people should be willing to give your very lives for them, to persuade them to be the true servants of JESUS CHRIST, just as that old missionary has done."

And when I see Dr. H. H. Lowry of the Methodist Mission and realise how he has given more than fifty years of service to his adopted country, and how he has been mistreated in the past by these people, and how he has continued to work for them, my heart is stirred.

Please remember this morning that the Chinese people are good, and that the soldiers are good, but the officers and leaders are bad. The times have changed. If you missionaries went out among the people in the old days they all said: "Have nothing to do with the people of the Jesus Church, for they will cut out your heart, and cut out your eyes, and skin the babies"; but now what do they say? They know that the foreign Christian is different, and if he pledges his word he will keep it; and when it comes to a time of famine relief, if there is a foreign missionary connected with the distribution of the grain we know that, no matter how hard he has to work, he will see that the grain is given to the people.

Do not be afraid, young people, to meet difficulties in bringing the Kingdom of Heaven to China. And when you are thinking of others please think of China's poor soldiers, whose tongues are lolling out with thirst, and bring to them a few drops of the Water of Life to refresh and save them.

CHAPTER XIV

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

In the first edition of this little book the flight of President Li from the capital was reported, which flight, according to published rumours, was said to have been brought about by an ultimatum issued by General Feng. This rumour, happily, proved to be incorrect, for the General at that time was located outside the city of Peking and had no jurisdiction within the walls. He therefore had no part in that demonstration which may have induced President Li to resign.

General Feng's troops were stationed at Nanyuan and Tuanho. The latter place is a famous palace with surrounding grounds built by the illustrious Emperor K'ien Lung about A.D. 1740. The Rev. G. G. Warren, who during August 1923 was assisting in a Bible School for officers of the 11th Division, was the General's guest, and he states that at both places there were no signs of luxury, the General's rooms being just as bare and as simple as in former days.

Among the facts which came to light during Mr. Warren's visit, one especially may be mentioned, namely, that the War Office was eighteen months in arrear in paying General Feng's troops. President Li had promised him $200,000 per month, but during the ten months he had been in Peking with his troops he only

received the paltry sum of $160,000. Yet one reads with astonishment that the rank and file were paid first and the superior officers last, which is just the reverse of what might have been expected in a land where one of the proverbs reads, " The big fish eat the little fish ; the little fish eat the shrimps ; and the shrimps eat the mud." In actual fact some of the privates only had five months' arrears due to them, while the higher officers had been thirteen months without pay.

At this time General Feng's path was by no means easy to walk. Peking was without a President, and bribery was unblushingly being used by certain men to obtain office. General Feng only maintained his position by borrowing a million dollars in his own name to pay his men, and by teaching his soldiers to support themselves with gardening, weaving, soap-making, and other lines of industry. The army actually grew all its own vegetables. While he was making a brave fight to get honest pay for his soldiers, General Chang Tso-lin, the ex-brigand Governor of Manchuria, offered him a million dollars down, with regular monthly payments, namely, $370,000 per month, if he would come over to his side. This offer was refused.

When the General was interrogated as to his attitude toward the various parties contending for supremacy, he laughed at the report that he was leading a sort of chameleon life, and said, " Tell anybody, I, Feng Yü-hsiang, will help any party that convinces me it is out for the country and the people ; I will oppose any party that I am convinced puts its own interests first and those of the nation and people second. I have not been, am not, and will not be committed to any party under a pledge to support it right or wrong."

During October, after Peking had been for four months without a President, Marshal Tsao Kun was elected to that office. According to the press, the

financial and other inducements promised to the members of Parliament to secure this result amounted to no less than about $5000 per member.

According to a statement made by a secretary of the Chinese Cabinet, Marshal Tsao Kun, before he had been able to secure a quorum of Parliament to elect him, requested General Feng to stage a revolt of his troops, which would give him, Marshal Tsao Kun, an excuse to move up to the capital and take up his quarters in the Presidential Palace. The General's reply was characteristic of the man. It was as follows: "My men have never done this sort of thing. I am not sure that they could carry it off; I doubt if they could; no, I feel quite sure they couldn't possibly do it." Such a reply indicates both the courage and prudence of the General.

It is interesting to know that when the General was definitely asked as to whether Marshal Tsao Kun had formerly been his direct superior or not, the General's reply was as follows: "Never my direct superior, he has always since I have been a soldier been my superior in rank. He is now sixty-two years of age, that is nearly twenty years older than I am. Some years ago we were both in Szechwan, he in Chungking and I in Suifu. I differed very seriously from him in matters of policy, and I expressed myself in my telegram to him far more strongly than was becoming from one so much younger in age and lower in rank. We met not long after, and he said to me: 'You are a young man. In a year or two you will know better than to use language like that in telegrams.' I at once said: 'Sir, I apologise. I ought not to have used the language I did.'"

One pleasing illustration of the way General Feng wins the affection and loyalty of his men is given in the following story. The General's father died many years ago, when his now famous son was in a subordinate

position in the army and could not afford to give his parent more than a temporary interment in a public cemetery. Recently the General purchased a plot of ground in which to bury his father more honourably. In accordance with China's strict code of filial piety the Christian General and his brother dispensed with the services of coolies and opened the grave and exhumed the coffin with their own hands. When the General's troops heard of this, they subscribed a considerable sum of money and presented him with a white marble tombstone, to be erected in the family burying-ground in memory of the old man. This gift was courteously refused by the General as a memorial to his father, but he told his men he would have carved upon the stone the names of their gallant comrades who fell in the previous year's campaign, adding that, had it not been for the devotion of those dead heroes, he, the General, would never have attained to his present position. This stone, it is reported, is now to be seen in a prominent position in the camp at Nanyuan, Peking. It is by such delicate acts of understanding sympathy that he has endeared himself to his men and thus obtained their passionate loyalty.

It is not unnatural that great interest has been manifested at home in this remarkable man. In America, during September 1923, he was elected to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, to which Church he belongs, which will meet in Springfield, Massachusetts, in May of this year (1924). Whether he will be able to attend is most uncertain.

In England he was elected honorary foreign member of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In his acceptance of this position he wrote as follows :

I am very glad to learn that your Committee have appointed me honorary foreign member of your Society.

I feel it a great honour to me, but dare not say I am worthy enough to deserve it.

Lately I have been busy. Hence I am not able to do so much work for Christ our Lord as I wished. However, one thing I will tell you,—that is, all the officers under my command have Bibles, and some read even every day. . . . We have six Chinese preachers on our own, and the Peking preachers, either Chinese or foreigners, help us a good deal. We have established a small Chapel on the street at Nanyuan where my officers go to preach in turn. In a word, I have done as much as my leisure permitted.

Please give my thanks to the Committee in your report, and I humbly thank you for your labour as well. May God bless you all.

In this connection it may be mentioned that Mr. George T. B. Davis has recently gone to China for special work among General Feng's army. Fifty thousand New Testaments in Chinese have been printed for this purpose. They are small enough for the pocket, and are bound in durable cloth. He has been assured through Dr. Goforth of a warm welcome from the General and the sympathetic support not only of the General but of his five Brigadier-Generals, Chief of Staff, and fifteen Colonels.

During November 1923 General Feng was promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal, so that henceforth he will be known as Marshal Feng, and not by the old familiar title. It is with much sorrow we report that at about the same date Marshal Feng was bereaved by the loss of his wife, who died in the Peking Union Medical Hospital after several months of illness. She had been a faithful helpmeet to him, assisting in spiritual work among the wives of officers and men in the army.

CHAPTER XV

THE UNKNOWN AND THE KNOWN

In every man there is some unknown quantity, and before every man an unknown future. What the future holds for Marshal Feng no man can foresee, nor can any one foretell how the hidden man of his heart may reveal itself. We do know, however, that prayer changes things, and that the supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working. It may therefore be said that the unknown depends in part at least upon our use of the known power placed in our hands by God.

The situation which confronts Marshal Feng is of greater perplexity than is generally known. Corruption was probably never more rife in China than to-day, and corruption and intrigue inevitably centre around the coveted posts of office in Peking. Civil strife has continued now for years, and there are signs which point to a possibly sterner conflict in the not far distant future, and Marshal Feng will need all wisdom to know the path of duty, and grace and courage to walk it aright.

Unhappily, too, China's relations with foreign Powers are not as cordial as could be wished. Practically every link that binds China and her Western neighbours together is menaced by the rising tide of lawlessness and disorder. While the Western Powers can generally enforce observation of obligations entered into by treaty, this enforcement is slowly breaking down the cordiality

which has existed for years past, in part because some of these treaties were obtained by *force majeure.*

It must not be forgotten that owing to China's folly in the Boxer year of 1900 the foreign legations in Peking are to all appearances an armed camp. China may be reaping the folly she has sown, but we may well ask ourselves how we should feel if Portland Place in the heart of London were fortified and held by foreign guards. Marshal Feng has recently been charged with attempting to override by force the regulations made for policing the foreign legation quarters in Peking. Without passing judgment upon what is undoubtedly a regrettable incident, we may ask, for instance, how would Lord Kitchener have felt had his car been held up in Oxford Circus by a policeman employed by the Chinese authorities? Much would, of course, depend upon the way such an act was performed, and it does not need a great stretch of imagination to conceive of this act being done in such a spirit as to provoke resentment.

We briefly refer to these anomalies of life in Peking that our readers may appreciate somewhat the situation in which Marshal Feng now lives. As a Chinese citizen he can hardly fail to be perplexed and embarrassed by the political maze in which he is involved, and as an ardent patriot he may be tempted to chafe at foreign enforcement of treaty rights. Here we must leave this unfinished story. Enough has been said to show that the Marshal lives at the heart of China's stress and strain, and dwells in a position pregnant with possibilities of success or failure. Let us not forget that the unknown sequel of this unfinished story may depend in part at least upon our use of the known powers of intercession at the Throne of Grace.

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